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MANY SHADES OF LIFE.

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MANY

SHADES

OF

LIFE,

BY

M. A. H. M. H.

LONDON:
DAVIS, 11, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET.
BECK, LEAMINGTON.

MDCCCLII.

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BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

TO

MY DEAR FRIENDS AT EDGBASTON,

In very grateful Memory

OF THEIR KINDNESS AND AFFECTION,

AND OF

HAPPY HOURS SPENT WITH THEM,

THESE SIMPLE TALES

ARE DEDICATED.

M. A. H. M. H.

A SKETCH.

(ORIGINAL.)

"Promise me," said a dying mother to the governess of her child, whom she held in her last embrace, "that when I am dead you will not leave my darling."

She stood still,—the pale sobbing girl, thus addressed, covering her face with quivering hands.

"Oh! speak, Miriam, I entreat you," said the mother, "say, when I am dead, you will not leave my darling, who loves you so well,—oh! promise, dearest Miriam."

"How can I stay?" she asked, trembling violently. "I have no relationship to warrant it,—the world,—my sisters—"

"For the sake of a dying friend, who has loved you better than all, waive such thoughts," she said.

Then Miriam, kneeling down—one chill hand in hers—promised, till she should be no longer a child, to watch over Agnes Veux. And the next hour the spirit of the mother fled, whilst her lifeless form was locked in the child's arms, who in vain called back that invisible and immortal spirit that had passed beyond those limits to the light of eternal day.

They trod softly, and spoke in low tones that night, as though they feared to wake the sleeper whom none but the voice of God might rouse.

It was evening; the house was in order; [illegible] the door, and [illegible] Miriam sat at the narrow window where she will rest, till [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible]

The mourning [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] as if the [illegible] to her now a [illegible] and there [illegible] singing to the [illegible] Miriam.—who, as [illegible] the [illegible] man wrote her, [illegible] would be [illegible] would [illegible] of what [illegible] him, or when he [illegible] the [illegible] of such [illegible] and [illegible] to see that [illegible] night with Agnes, she [illegible] and then, [illegible] to herself that "it were better [illegible] now," sat down [illegible] and [illegible] him, informing [illegible] reason as much as [illegible] know, in the hour before she died, she [illegible] and bid her stay there and watch over Agnes. She [illegible] two friends her promise to do it had been [illegible] that she was determined, if he so wished it, to fulfill [illegible]

[illegible] a voice broken by its great emotion, he [illegible] her very earnestly, bade her [illegible] any measure [illegible] might bring, for she would still have the [illegible] of a good conscience before God: then called the Agnes to him, and, looking fondly on her, bade her [illegible] to Miriam, the love that had been her [illegible] —and the child cried "that she had always loved her

Months rolled on, and there came a gentle cheerfu[illegible] to the house where lately all had been so dark. Miriam requested not that she had stayed there to [illegible] to Agnes. Those were gentle songs she sang: [illegible] while she woke to soothe the father's [illegible] and though he seldom thanked her for this and al[illegible] ever for him, it was enough for the loving, patient [illegible] he sometimes said "he liked to hear her sing."

More months rolled on,—the child forgot to ask for her 'dear mamma,"—the father was no longer sad,— friends gathered there, as of old, and the wife seemed to be mourned no longer.

Miriam saw this, and rejoicing hoped long to live there self-devoted to Agnes and her father,—asking no greater happiness in this world than to contribute to theirs, for she fondly loved them both.

But soon a change came, greater than this, and the hope of her life fled, leaving her very desolate. There were no longer pleasant evenings in the home—Mr. Veux loved to be elsewhere; he never cared to hear her sing, never asked her now, that she "would wake low murmuring sounds to soothe him;" and one day there came there (with her mother, and other friends) a beautiful girl. Then the whole truth lay before her. She saw fixed, on the bright beauty who graced his home that day, a meaning glance; and, as they laid her fainting, (from the acute pain of a sprain, caused by a fall in descending the stairs) marked all the thoughts that passed upon his face, as with clasped hands he bent over her then; and, as she paced her chamber long hours that night, knew that her cherished oft-recurring day dream was but a wild delusion, that vanishing had left her broken-hearted.—Days came and went, but Mr. Veux saw not the fading of the light that so long had shone with such benign influence in his home, there was a brighter gleaming in his path,—Miriam knew it, and thought well, "how quickly are the dead forgotten!" Soon he told her, (that for which there was no need,) that he had chosen another wife.

Then she said to him, "Agnes would no longer need her, and she should be absolved from her promise."

There was a troubled shade on his face as he earnestly begged her to remain with the child "who so well loved

her;" and bade her remember she had promised "to watch over her till she should be a woman."

She answered not a word, and he left her to commune with her own heart in its bitterness, and for a long time, her eyes wandered not from a portrait of himself,

> " ——— Knowing she might dwell
> On feelings which that picture could not tell;"

And she cried often to herself—"Oh! that I had never promised to stay here: I might have known, even in that hour, that it would come to this."

Miriam slept but once that night, and then she dreamed that the angel figure of Helen Veux bent over her, whispering, "Sister, it is enough,—you have done well,—I am content. My child no longer needs you; come with me, sister, I am well content." And, as it went, the figure beckoned, saying "Come, sister,"—then a portal opened wide, and the angel entered there, where, within, a bright company were seated in clouds of heavenly glory, and they caught up the strain—"Sister, you have done well: come,—come,— come." * * * * * *

The next day Miriam was very ill, and, at her earnest entreaty, they permitted her to go home, where best a weary heart may find a rest in this life.

She bade farewell to Agnes, who had indeed given her "undivided, that which had been a mother's love," and although she knew not that it would be an eternal adieu, her childish spirit was rent with grief.

Death-stricken Miriam went home.—Yes, she was sick unto death, and for weeks she lay there, gently sinking to her early grave. She knew the day those bridal bells were ringing, and her thoughts bore their echo to her *dying bed;* but ever and anon the figure of Helen Veux

seemed to bend over her, and the voice of angels chased away their sound, saying, "It is enough; haste, come! come!"

Then all was peace—but those who watched her, said she wandered, as they heard her murmur, "Hark! how the bells ring. Do they say the dead is forgotten?—hark! Methinks they chime pleasantly; Agnes will have love enough. Sister, let the bells ring: I am content. I come,—come,—come." * * * * * *

Ah! tread softly, she is dead.

A RECOLLECTION OF "MISS DART'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES."

(ORIGINAL.)

Twenty years ago (dear me, it seems but the other day) I was teacher in a school which flourished then in a small country town in Shropshire, remarkable for nothing but its amazing dullness and unceasing gossip. Well, over this far-famed establishment for young ladies, in which I taught, (to gain my own livelihood) there presided a stiff maiden lady, who wore habitually a pair of gold spectacles, and a brown wig, composed of an unlimited number of curls much resembling pig's tails. To the care of this immaculate nurse of the young idea, was confided by her brother (lately deceased) the charge of his pretty daughter. Though of English parents she had been born and educated in America, and now came over, an orphan, to her aunt's guardianship, as charming, lively, and engaging a creature as ever lighted on our shores.

It happened, in the first year of her coming to England, that a pupil of Miss Dart's had married a Shropshire gentleman and settled in the neighbourhood, and from politeness (it might have been a more kindly feeling, or it might not) invited her old governess and charming niece to spend a whole vacation with her.

Miss Dart being charmed by such a gratifying attention accepted the invitation, and in a post-chaise, on the top of which was placed Miss Lucy's harp and guitar, the erect aunt and lovely niece set out for A——.

Now, long experience in tuition and a constant grinding at the mill of knowledge had rendered Miss Dart not only very intolerant of all youthful fancies and girlish inclinations to mirth and fun, but very wise in her own conceit, so that it was next to inevitable that any person holding different views to herself would be condemned by her,—not only to knowing better some day, but to being sorry for such counter opinions.

At first, Lucy had in a most presumptuous manner ventured to disagree with her aunt on more subjects than one, but now had quite resigned herself to sitting upright and acting the demure in the presence of that illustrious lady, who, if she thought she had wrought this "proper change" in Lucy otherwise than in the seeming, soon found herself quite mistaken. There were many laughter loving girls besides herself under her aunt's care, who had learned, like her, the moment that august person approached the school-room door, to shew in themselves (as dutiful pupils) a prim reflection of the mistress. Not the least remarkable of the opinions which Miss Dart felt herself privileged to entertain, was that extremely unfavourable one of "the opposite sex;" she regarded them much in the light of a race of monsters, who had sprung up especially to be a blight on the fairer portion of creation,

and a constant torment to the respected heads o
schools. Let her only see advancing towards the
out array of pupils in their daily walk one of the
noxious creatures, and she would at once order a
to the right, and perhaps have to repeat the comman
the same alarming grounds, more than once during
promenade, to the great disgust of the young ladies th
selves, who really "saw nothing so dreadful in a m
In relating the various trials she had undergone in
long course of her scholastic experience she was wont
instance the following as one of the greatest. T
large square pew which Miss Dart's pupils were we
known to occupy at church was securely fortified on al
sides by deep crimson cloth curtains, so that no vulgar
gaze might penetrate there, and it not unfrequently
happened that Miss D. congratulated herself on the secu-
rity and propriety of that arrangement; what, then, was
her horror, on coming to church one Sunday morning,
but just in time for the commencement of the service, to
perceive the curtains gone and the brass rods bare. Nor
was this all; for two impudent persons of the male sex,
with horrible eyes, were seated in a pew from which they
commanded a full view of her charming charges. The
injured lady at once saw the whole dark truth; this was
nothing more or less than a base conspiracy, and those
men before her were as assassins to her peace. But it was
in vain she glared defiantly at them,—in vain kept fixed
on them her sharp grey optics,—their glasses remained
immoveable in theirs',—they continued to lean over the
pew door, peering through them, and glancing most dar-
ingly at the prettiest girls. It was a slight relief to Miss
Dart to see these two objectionable individuals depart out
of the church before her young ladies were in marching
order, and now she thought, certainly, the mischief was at

an end; but no! on either side of the churchyard gate she beheld stationed—one of those men, bowing, with excessive politeness, to each pair of girls as they passed, and offering, last of all, a profound courtesy to herself. If I could pourtray the outraged lady as she then appeared —if I could but tell how the curls of her wig shook, (had they been actually growing on her cranium they would have stood erect, to mark their sense of the insult offered to the fair possessor)—if I could only give something of an adequate idea of the fiery glances shot through the pebbles of those gold-set spectacles, I should consider that, for once, I had wrought a great success, but alas! I can find no words that can convey other than a faint conception of the manner in which Miss Dart's wrath foamed and boiled over.

"How dare you, Sir," she cried to the verger, immediately summoned to her awful presence, "remove *my* curtains?" "By your orders, Madam," he replied, producing a note which decidedly was not in Miss D'.s handwriting.—It was then discovered, by the aid of wisdom little inferior to that of the clever king whose exceeding acuteness of understanding led him to find the the Gunpowder Treason in a letter, that this was likewise a dire plot, whose enormity was nothing equalled by that device of Popish malice.

Well, Lucy and her aunt arrived safely at A—,and were affectionately welcomed by Mrs Prout, who was an elegant, kind-hearted young lady, and her husband "as agreeable as a *man* might be;" but the prospect of any comfort for Miss Dart, during that visit, became "small by degrees and beautifully less" when she was introduced to Mrs P.'s brother, a tall fine young man who had a handsome countenance and abundance of hair on his upper lip; this was accounted for by his having been lately travelling abroad,

but it diminished his chance of finding any favour with Miss D., who regarded it as an aggravation of the circumstance of his being a man. There was something very offensive in his manner, too, (she said) for it was independent and gay, and oh! how she wished herself safe home again in her own drawing-room with Lucy, when she saw that pretty creature seated at her harp, heard her singing her best songs, laughing, chatting, and "*flirting*" with "that odious Frederick Ashton," who never, by any chance, left her side.

Things went on in this frightful way for a whole fortnight, and they were to stay a month. Mrs. Prout seemed to have entered into a league against her, for, in the mornings when she would take them a walk, she would say, "Come with me, my dear Miss Dart, leave Lucy to Frederick." Then, away in the distance she would see the pair flying along, running, and jumping stiles in a most improper and undignified manner. Miss Dart felt that if this were to continue much longer, instead of greeting her young ladies at the commencement of the next half-year, she would be an inmate of a very different and much less exclusive kind of establishment than her own.

"Oh, Aunt!" cried Lucy, one morning, after one of these rambles, her face covered with blushes, "what do you think? Frederick Ashton has asked me to marry him."

"Oh! you bad, shocking girl; you naughty child," screamed Miss D., "to listen to anything such a wild graceless young man should say."

"Oh! aunt," she said, "I did not think it wrong."

Then Miss Dart terrified her poor little niece into tears, and made her seriously promise she would not speak again during their visit, save in her hearing, "to this bad young man who had insulted her."

In truth Lucy was very young (not quite seventeen) to have listened to such proposals, nevertheless she was woman enough to understand them rightly, and though, whilst her aunt talked, she really fancied something very dreadful had been done, when left quietly to consider the matter she saw that Mr. Ashton had asked but a very simple and natural thing, which her own heart well approved.

Miss Dart wrote to me by that day's post and I obeyed her commands in sending the next morning an urgent express; and a post chaise to fetch her home. The harp and the guitar were once more hoisted thereon, and Lucy and her aunt, having bid adieu to all the family, set out (much to the content of the latter) on their returning journey. When a mile or two on the road Miss Dart began to breathe more freely and to congratulate herself in having. by so skilful a device, removed her poor niece from the scene of such frightful dangers, and the neighbourhood of Frederick Ashton when,—oh ! picture to yourself her dismay, in beholding him ride up on his pony to Lucy's side of the chaise: she comforted herself, however, with the reflection that he would soon turn back, but no, under this escort they arrived at their own door, to the great amazement of that gossip-loving little town, and much Miss D. thought to her scandal, when, bidding them a respectful farewell, and looking earnestly at Lucy (I know what he put into her hand) he turned homewards.

Occasional presents of game, fruit, and pieces of music from an unknown person, caused Miss Dart some little uneasiness, but having exercised a very vigilant watch over her niece, she felt sure no intercourse of any kind had taken place between her and Frederick Ashton.

Passing along the hall one morning, I was called on in

loud tones by my mistress to "come here." "I demand, Grace Martlet," she cried, "your assistance against my rebellious niece," and I saw she was endeavouring to wrest something from her; at last she succeeded, and held in triumph a torn and crumpled letter.

"By heaven," screamed poor Lucy, in a state of great excitement, you shall repent this."

"Indeed," said the aunt, "you shall be locked in your chamber till I discover who has been the bearer of this letter."

"Grace," said Lucy, following me, and speaking in a whisper, "lend me a pen knife;—quick—quick." "Not for worlds," I said.

She was then conducted to her bed room, where she remained a whole week.

When again she joined us in the school room she looked very pale and unhappy. I was so much shocked at what I believed to be her purpose in asking for the pen knife, that I rather shunned her.

"Grace," she said, one day, "what have I done *to you* that you avoid me?"

"Oh, Lucy," I returned, "why did you want that knife?"

She burst into a loud long fit of laughter, and said, "Oh, you great goose, I only wanted to get out with it, for I remembered how the slaves in America used to slip the lock, and I thought if I could but get a knife I should be able to do the like."

Many months wore away and poor Lucy was evidently very unhappy; Frederick Ashton had not been heard of, directly or indirectly, for a very long time, and Miss Dart comforted herself by an assurance from his aunt that he was in France. This good lady lived "in our town," and was very fond of Lucy; for many months, however, she was not permitted to see her at her house, till one day she

became so very earnest in her solicitation that she should spend the next with her that, after due deliberation, and with a perfect conviction that Mr. A. was in France, Miss Dart gave a reluctant consent. I should not like to undertake to say that he crossed the channel by accident,—that by accident he that day met Lucy at his aunt's house,—it is certain, however, that such was the case,—that the maid who came to take Lucy home was bribed to sit outside the coach, and that the driver thereof, whether liking his company on the box or having an instinctive knowledge that there were long-severed lovers inside, was a very long time getting there.

Again Frederick Ashton told Lucy how he loved her, and then she vowed that, whether her aunt liked it or no, she would marry him.

Before she slept that night Lucy laid the whole matter before her aunt, the storm of whose wrath was terrible. But she found that her niece was resolute, and after a great deal of reproach and invective, consented to see Mr. Ashton.

The next day that stiff maiden lady sat erect for hours opposite to him, declaring he cared nothing for Lucy, and, in the end, did not intend to marry her, whilst he vehemently assured her of the strength of his attachment and his honourable intentions.

At last, worn out with opposition, and perceiving, if her consent were withheld, there was determination enough on both sides to act without it, Miss Dart thought it her wisest plan to yield; Mr. Ashton being, in every respect, a suitable husband for Lucy (and proving himself so in the end) she really began to wonder how it was she had been in such a fright. However, to the end of the time I lived with her, she relaxed nothing in her hatred and opinions of the male sex generally, nor, I believe, was there ever an

instance known of a gentleman advancing towards her phalanx of young ladies, whilst she was at their head, that she did not, after looking round to make sure of no such foe being behind, order a wheel to the right.

Long ere this she has passed to a home where there can come no such enemies to disturb her.

VIAN HOPE.

THE BACHELOR OF THE FAMILY.

The Right Honourable Lord Oakley at the time of which I write, had but two daughters yet unmarried, the eldest of his numerous family,—and the youngest, between whose ages there was the *slight* difference of twenty years; —all the intervening members—had married—and his Lordship was now become perfectly familiar with the title of Grandfather. Lady Oakley had long been dead—but the Honourable Mary had not ill-supplied a mother's place to the Honourable Augusta, who now had just attained her nineteenth year, had been duly presented at Court, and flitted the last season in every fashionable circle, a proud, capricious beauty, whose course, the staid and somewhat melancholy Mary marked with anxiety,—often pain,—for she was impatient of controul, and her temper wayward, haughty and exacting,

The Earl of Candart had like Lord Oakley a very numerous family, but his means were in no degree so adequate (with so heavy an incumbrance) for the dignified support of his ancient title. Each one of his six sons there-

fore had to be educated with a due regard to some preferment in the Church or State; the elder already held an office under Government, in which he did nothing, and was handsomely paid, the second was a young gentleman who manifested such an immense capacity in loving dogs and horses, that the original purpose of his education was set at nought,—and the third was destined for the church and the benevolent presentation of a benefice by some friend or relative;—the three younger were as yet too juvenile for any decided notion to be formed as to the manner in which they would strike out as ornaments to their country, or as furtherers of their own interests.

The third son,—the Honourable Arthur Armytage, having finished his studies, and being duly ordained, the Earl his father gave him his blessing and letters of introduction to his old friend, the Lord Oakley of Bushton Park,—to which village he was going as honorary curate. I prefer to consider that the Earl of Candart overlooked the fact of that nobleman having several rich livings in his gift, and two unmarried daughters whose fortunes were considerable, because it seems it was so kind and disinterested in him to send down his son to give his services to his ancient, and now infirm college tutor, for whom he had never felt any very lively sentiments of regard.——The Oakley family always passed the months from November to April at Bushton, so the young clergyman coming there early in the winter, had a fair opportunity of cultivating their acquaintance—Lord Oakley interested in him at first, soon became very fond of his society; he commonly attached himself to persons of an amiable and unostentatious character, and such was eminently that of the Honourable and Rev. Arthur Armytage; but I shall do him a great injustice if I omit to say, that *in every way* he was fitted for his sacred office—deeply

impressed with the knowledge of its solemnity and importance,—and determined to labour earnestly for the glory of His Heavenly Master: and it is certain that whatsoever were the motives of his father in sending him to Bushton, he had none other than there to commence the work of the ministry.

Of matrimony he had even less thought than livings,—he had never been in love,—and had no idea there was a shadow of that passion lurking in his heart; it was always —by his sisters at home, said—"Arthur would be the old bachelor of the family,"—and he indeed felt that he might best so, discharge the holy duties of his calling.

It was therefore passing strange, that with a proud woman, one differing in all noble points of character to himself—he should have thought to wed, but verily it was much more strange,—that awakening to the consciousness that he loved Augusta Oakley. If I (who have so great an admiration for him,) thought it necessary to make an excuse for an error which wiser men than he have made, I should do it in saying, that whilst this his first love lasted, he never saw Augusta in her real character,—and that when he did,—it passed.

Mary Oakley was "the lady" of the village, and she in concert with the Rector's wife managed the schools and charities, the latter giving that which she was best able, her time and her energies, the other her means and interest, and certainly no purer motives than theirs ever actuated any women to the performance of good works. The name of Augusta was never mentioned in connexion with any thing of the kind,—and one day the Curate, (perhaps he had a doubt on the subject,) asked her if she felt no interest in the spiritual wants of her neighbourhood.

She answered, very much, but that Mary having always managed every thing, and so well, she liked in no way to *interfere*.

Perfectly satisfied with the reply, Mr. Armytage forthwith gave the younger, fully as much credit for good intents as the elder sister.

Before the winter months were over, Lord Oakley became so accustomed to have the Curate by his side at the dinner table, that his absence grieved him,—he was invariably there five or six times in each week, and frequently at luncheon—and certainly no meals were so agreeable as those he ate with the bright eyes of Augusta Oakley gleaming on him. But the happiest time was the evening in the drawing-room,—when Lord Oakley in a chair by the fireside, his feet on the fender, (sometimes they were all but roasted,) and a pocket handkerchief over his head, fell asleep for an hour, often two, and Mary occupied with some book or work—was well contented that her sister should chat and sing to Mr. Armytage. These were enchanted hours to him,—no less than to the beauty who was as their magic spell,—and who influenced by the calm manly gentleness of the presence that made them dear to her—laid aside then, (but only then),the fierce temper of her pride and haughtiness.

It happened one day whilst this dream of love was at its height, (he meant to propose shortly,) that Mr. Armytage was walking to a town two or three miles distant from Bushton, and that the carriage, in which were the Honorable Misses Oakley, overtook him on the road. It may be noted as a mark of that individual's sagacity, and as proof of the general feeling in the servant's hall, that Robert the coachman had determined (long before he received the order from Miss Augusta to stop,) that he should not be able to pass the gentleman whom he saw the distance, but should have to convey him into the town with the young ladies;—Mary was always called young in common with Augusta, who supposing she should not

herself lose her right to that valued distinction, invariably affected—to be "indescribably amused" at it.

The coachman's shrewd conjecture having proved correct, (on which he congratulated himself,) perfectly happy, the party were driven into the town.

"Stay at Vale's,"—said Augusta, and the coachman pulled up at the shop indicated.

The footman waited for orders—

"Send somebody to me," she said.

"Pray get out," urged Mary,—"they are all women in the shop,—besides it is so bitterly cold."

Augusta's brow slightly contracted, but she did not speak.

"There is nothing to prevent your going into the shop Augusta," continued Mary, "pray do."

"I am far too comfortable to move," she said carelessly —"the woman will bring what I want."

"You know I object to this," replied Miss Oakley, much more impatiently than was her wont—Augusta hastily turned such a look on her sister as Mr. Armytage had never seen on her face before, and as he gazed on it, (in its *proud* beauty now,) felt that it was quite repellant.

"I want some purse silk,"—she said to a pale, fragile girl, who stood with uncovered head shivering on the pavement.

She brought a box,—stood whilst the young lady deliberately turned over the contents, and then, there being none there of the required shade, returned,—fetched another, and quietly waited whilst the haughty occupant of the carriage selected from it.—Meanwhile the Curate bit his lip, and deeply shocked by this gross act of inconsideration, thought—"can it be—*this* is the woman *I* love?"

"Even in warm dry weather," said Mary, as the car-

riage drove away, "I disapprove of bringing out people to wait on us,—it must be so exceedingly unpleasant to stand in the open street,—particularly to young women."

"It is a part of their trade," answered Augusta, "I am willing to pay them."

For a sacrifice of feeling? asked Mary, in a tone of surprise.

"Shopkeepers,"—she replied, with a curl of her lip, "have no business with such delicate sensations."

"Nor susceptibility of taking cold," said Mr. Armytage drily; but then bending forward with a look troubled and sad, and speaking very earnestly, "lady, before God we are all equal,—He is no respecter of persons, and will not suffer those who are."

Was it her own heart, or a slight alteration and avoidance in the manner of Mr. Armytage, a colder shake of the hand when they parted, that told Augusta she had shown too much of her real self that day, longer to retain the good opinion she so highly prized. I know not, but that night the knowledge lay heavily upon her, and throwing herself on a sofa in her own room, bitterly reproaching *Mary* as the cause, she wept as she had never done before for the loss of any earthly thing, yet nothing humbled, nothing changed. And poor Mr. Armytage,—he thought for many hours on the incident of the day, vainly endeavouring to regard it only as the momentary caprice of a woman, accustomed to every service and attention; all in vain, for he had seen unmistakebly those seeds, never to be eradicated, but to grow and ripen into the imperious, exacting woman.

"And what," he said to himself, "shall I, a consecrated servant of that Master, who has bid me learn of Him, a meek and lowly lesson, take to my heart that likeness of *arrogance and* pride to love? Shall I cling to one, who

would trample on those whom she dares think her inferiors, in the natural feelings which are the gift of God, who would have sold and bought, that which belongs to the immortal essence? Shall I, a preacher of righteousness and humility, I who must tell my people, not to think of themselves more highly than they ought to think, but to esteem others better than themselves, bring to my home as an example, one who will set at nought and defy every Christian truth and principle, and in her life and conversation show nothing but scorn to the humble, self-denying character of Jesus my Saviour? God forbid,.....Augusta, though I break my heart, I will tear from it this love."

"Oh! who shall say t'was a trivial thing
That delicate chain to sever."

The hours of the night went by, but still the lamp burned in the Curate's study; and when in the dawn of day, its light flickered and died away, he murmured "even so is there passed from my spirit that which never may shine there again."

As the servant of God, and by His holy aid, he was victorious in that night's conflict, but when conqueror he saw the day, it was as a sadder and an altered man.

There were no more charmed evenings at the Hall now, Augusta humble long in vain, at length showed the Curate such a woman, that with a shudder he felt he had escaped falling headlong into something infinitely more dreadful, than "a yawning gulph below a precipice."

That year Augusta married a rich young Earl, but she loves him not, the title of Countess is not dear to her, nor is she happy in the exercise of her imperious will.

Mr. Armytage continues a faithful minister of God, eminent for unfeigned gentleness and humility, a contented, useful, parish priest. It sometimes happens in the great town in which he labours, that he sees a woman humbling

at her carriage door, one of her own sex, and then you may note that his step quickens, and that on his face there passes a troubled shade, like that which came there when he said "lady, before God we are all equal."

The light that fled then from his spirit has never been rekindled, and he sometimes thinks with a sigh, I am after all "the BACHELOR of my family."

VIAN HOPE.

THE DELAYED WEDDING.

"Now, I am quite sure you will be late; quite sure," said Sara Lyne as she held, in parting, her lover's hand—who fully intended the next morning, at eight o'clock, to claim that long-loved woman as his wife.

"This once, darling, trust me," he said, "I shall be at the church before any one of the party."

"Ah!" she replied, laughing, "we shall see; however, you ought to be first on the joyful occasion."

"So joyful, so joyful, oh! my dearest life," he cried, and parted from her in a long embrace.

Now, the parties expecting on the morrow to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, did not move in that sphere of life, called fashionable, but were of the happy middle rank, in affluent circumstances, who, caring little for any appearance of that fact, so long as they had the more satisfactory testimony in their pockets, despised all rules that restrained comfort and sociability. Hence, it

happened, that they were not going to be married in Hanover Square by the Hon. and Rev. Anybody, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon,—thence to adjourn to the bride's father's mansion and partake of breakfast in splendid state,—but were actually to commit the act in the most common and vulgar manner, by adjourning from their beds (at the primitive hour of eight) to the nearest church, and after the ceremony, the whole party were to drive a long distance out of town, to spend the day with the bride and bridegroom happily amid the trees; afterwards they were to witness the departure of the happy couple for their short wedding tour, return again to their own homes, and reassemble at Mrs. Lyne's, in the evening, for a ball.

Such were the arrangements; ordinary as they seem, there was an amount of money expended to make them complete as might have astonished the caterers of splendid matrimonial alliances; and oh,! there was a degree of comfort and enjoyment planned with which Hanover Square weddings have nothing to do.

It was to an old-fashioned commercial house in the city that Mr. Ferras betook himself for the night; the gateway was very low, he being very tall, and forgetting to accomodate his height to its elevation, knocked his hat off. 'Anything" he said, as he picked it up, "was excusable under circumstances," and aggravated as he felt when he tumbled up the ancient staircase and bruised his knees, remarked, "he believed it was lucky."

Now, Mr. Ferras, anticipating on the morrow to commence a week of entire relaxation from all business, contented himself, as he sat earnestly working at his desk until two o'clock, in the thought of his coming felicity; then having finished his business, he took from his portmanteau an entirely new suit, and disposed them somewhat fancifully on a chair,—the coat over the back, and the inexpressibles

in such a manner, that, with a little exercise of the *ims*
nation, they seemed to sit; this done, he smiled, *not*
pride that the habiliments were new and fashionable,—w
to become his proper person—but in gladness that they w
his *wedding garments*. Satisfied, at length, that there w
nothing to delay his toilet in the morning, he resign
himself to the influence of Somnus, the "Boots" havi
particular instructions to release him from it at six o'clo

In the next room to Mr. Ferras slept an old gentleman who had desired that same vexed "Boots" to call him at four, he having, as that individual stated to the waiter, "to start in a partikler conwayance for an unknown place in an out-of-the-way part of the earth."

Much as these orders irritated the "Boots," who thought "*five* quite soon enough to get up," he called the gentleman by loudly knocking at his door. Mr. Ferras hearing this, but not awakened by it, thought, in his sleep, it was his own expected summons to arise for the consummation of his bliss, and, hastily getting out of bed, (still fast asleep,) put on his hat, and taking his umbrella under his arm, sallied forth into the court yard. Thus attired, and presenting a very curious appearance, he was observed by the "Boots" quietly moving to the gateway. Being naturally of a timid and fearful disposition, and inclined to be terrified at anything wearing a white garment at unseasonable times, even though the sublime ghostly feature were counteracted in effect by the ludicrous one of a hat surmounting a night-cap, and an umbrella tucked under the arm,—that personage gave an alarming howl and rushed up to his master's bed-room, who being also of a "timid turn" seized a watchman's rattle and a life preserver, accommodating poor Mr. Ferras next door neighbour with a poker, and the "Boots" with tongs, who *likewise surreptitiously* clutched the shovel. Thus armed

and most singularly equipped the innkeeper and his guest proceeded to the entrance court, when they immediately saw that the cause of their alarm was Mr. Ferras, who stood vainly endeavouring to remove the heavy iron bars that secured the outer door, and muttering in his sleep "if he could not unfasten it, he certainly should be late." The old gentleman cautiously advanced to his side and gently took his arm to lead him back to his bed-room; but the touch instantaneously awoke him and with a deep groan he fell to the ground. It was the work of an instant to raise him and carry him to his bed, but he lay there for nearly four hours, perfectly insensible, from the severe effects of the fright and fall. When restored to consciousness, he immediately recollected his important appointment and would, had he not by the most strenuous exertions been prevented, have risen to keep it,—though it is exceedingly doubtful, had he been allowed to leave the bed, if the extreme dizziness of his head would have permitted him to dress, and to have gone as bridegroom to the church, as he had already once that morning essayed to do, might have caused a very unpleasant sensation among the ladies. He was, therefore, obliged to content himself by revealing his unfortunate position to the innkeeper, and begging him instantly to dispatch a messenger, to communicate it to the bride elect. The "Boots," as witness of the scene, was charged with the delicate mission, and, being desired to make all haste, ran until fairly out of sight, then stopping to take breath, he saw a friend in the distance, whom he hailed to hear the story of the morning's adventures. Having related it with many digressions and additions, particularly emphasising the affecting scene when Mr. Ferras laid his hand on his (the "Boot's") arm and bade him "judge, if his own feelings would bear the circumstance." They would not, the "Boots" candidly acknowledged, and

proceeded on his way. Presently he passed an hotel where dwelt a "brother Boots," and him he beguiled from his duties into the street where he again recounted *his* adventures, observing it was quite melting to hear the gentleman say to him—"Tom, my good fellow, beware of walking in your sleep."

By this time it was by the church clock, and the watches of the wedding party, accurately compared, half-past eight, some nervous anxiety began to be manifest, but, as yet Miss Lyne, naturally the most confident in the truth and good intentions of her lover, betrayed no uneasiness; she merely said "it was very tiresome to wait so long." Five minutes more, it seemed an age, in that mouldy old vestry, and the company were pale, even to the curate, (he, however was, as the ladies who adored him said, "always delicate looking,") and Sara began to fear some accident had happened, — ten, and she was speechless, overwhelmed with dread and fear of she knew not what. The bridesmaid with the long nose, who had acted the allotted number of times in that capacity, yet despaired not of being herself a bride (so lingering is hope in the bosom of young ladies) whispered to her fellow, a high-shouldered little creature in blue, that "it was her belief Mr. Ferras had been betrayed into an engagement he did not intend to fulfil."

The creature in blue said, "she should not wonder; men were such deceivers."

The long nosed lady shook her head, and said, "*Some* women were as bad."

The clock struck three quarters past eight—the company nervously compared watches—Sara fainted — the curate said, "It really was a most painful scene, and he had a funeral at nine o'clock." The clerk proposed, and the sexton seconded, "that this party do adjourn from the

church to a more convenient place, there to settle the business," and in rushed the faithless "Boots" panting for the breath he certainly had not lost in running.

"Well, man," cried Mr. Lyne.

"Oh!" said Sara, just revived.

"The gentleman" gasped the "boots," "walked——"

"Heavens," cried Mr. Lyne.

"Where—when?" screamed Sara.

"At half-past four; bless you, frightened me to death, too—"

The curate here interposed, being the only person save the minor officials who retained his self-possession, perhaps because he was interested in—nothing; neither the pic-nic, the dinner, the ball, nor the fees, for they went to the rector,—and being especially anxious to terminate "the painful scene and perform the funeral."

"Have the goodness" he said, glancing severely at the 'Boots," "to deliver your message with brevity, precision, and distinctness. Who sent you here?"

"The gentleman as was to have been married, to say—he walked—"

A faint scream from Sara.—

"In his sleep," continued the Boots, "fell down, is ill in bed,—there now."

The truth being thus summarily revealed with great difficulty on the part of the narrator, who much desired to make himself a principal actor in it, there was a rush to the carriages; the long nosed bridesmaid, secretly disappointed that her conjectures had proved incorrect.

Sara soon stood by the bedside of Mr. Ferras, and, before she quitted it, both laughed at the morning's catastrophe, "but of course," she said "I prophecied you would not be in time, and how could it be otherwise? The next time, Arthur, we purpose being married, we'll take care to avoid

the interference of all "Boots," and if you think it impossible you can wait until *I* call you in the morning, we will sit up all night."

This, Mr. Ferras actually did; in consequence of which and his late indisposition, he looked rather pale on his marriage morning,—a circumstance which provoked the long-nosed bridesmaid, again engaged for the ceremony, to whisper to the one in blue, that "it was evident it went against his feelings, for he looked positively ghastly." Yet for all that, he was at the church before any of the party, and that time really was made happy for life, and received the congratulations of the delicate curate; "Shakspeare was right," he remarked, "all's well that ends well," and then he forthwith proceeded to perform his wonted funeral at nine, and who knows how well that end might have been to the sleeper then entombed!

THE PLAIN SISTER.

No matter how many beauties there are in a family, there is sure to be one "plain sister," perhaps apart from the finer complexions or more regular features of the rest, by no means ill looking, but sure is she among her sisterhood of the above appellation, and most likely of a little attendant neglect, and occasional pushing into the back ground; yet in spite of her less beautiful exterior, it frequently happens that the "plain sister" is the stay and comfort of her family, whilst the others are its mere ornamental branches.

It was so in the one, of which I am about to write, and *Dr. Wakeman often* sagely shook his head, whilst his lady

descanted on the loveliness of her elder and younger daugh, ters, and wondered how it was nature had been less bountiful to Louisa. "My dear." he would sometimes say,— "do remember, beauty is deceitful and favour is vain, and that if one of the three deserves the praise that the wise man declares in that text shall be awarded to the woman who fears the Lord, it is to her. I grant the amiability of the others, and about their beauty, I suppose there is no good grounds for dispute, but in neither one nor the other dwells there the humility and faith, to say nothing of the mental loveliness that characterizes one plainer daughter." Mrs. Wakeman always contended, that all alike shared the qualifications with which her husband graced Louisa, and usually concluded her argument with the trite remark,— "that no matter how great the intrinsic merit of a picture, she could not appreciate it if it wanted beauty, and so she thought a woman good and beautiful, infinitely more agreeable, in all points of view, to one good but "plain;" and Dr. Wakeman remembering, that his wife had been a beauty in her day, answered nothing. Thirty years, however, had diminished her personal loveliness, whilst it had added nothing to the perfection of her character, and the Doctor felt now, in choosing his wife, he had, in his youthful blindness, mistaken the "hay, wood stubble" for the more enduring substance of the builder's stone,—in other words, that in the beauty, grace, and accomplishments of the lady, he had been dazzled into forgetfulness,— if something more than these were not needed to satisfy him in long years of married life,—to brighten and improve it, as well as to relieve the tedium that not unfrequently follows the knowledge of possessed affection. But, although he felt this keenly, often now, (and the shadows of life were deepening around him,) he never evinced to her the merest sign of this secret disap-

[illegible] with her weakness and her pe[illegible] wish to gratify, but unwillingly reproved both; he was patient to murmur how she tried him: uniformly affectionate and considerate, however she slighted or annoyed him. And this was right, for in the great mistake of his marriage, he alone could blame himself.

Dr. Wakeman had laboured nearly a quarter of a century in the large town of D———; the possession of ample means afforded him the highest earthly gratification he knew,—that of relieving the wants of the sick and afflicted; and though his charities were so unostentatiously performed, that scarce knew his left what his right hand did, (most nobly and unsparingly,) there was hardly one individual in his parish but could bear testimony to some act of kindness and benevolence. During the whole course of his ministry he had acted a high and consistent part, without attaching to himself the odium of a tractarian, or the decided appellation of a low churchman; he had neither, in the beginning of the Oxford excitement, thrown aside the academical dress in the pulpit, to be compelled to resume it in a few years, nor altered the form of his church to suit the fancy of those, who must worship only, looking to the east. Neither had he introduced hymns, nor at any time intoned the service, but had preserved the pure and simple form of worship, according to the ritual of the Church of England, as best suited to our parish churches. And Dr. Wakeman preached the Gospel in all its purity; energetically, as a man who to the solemn task of saving souls, had put the whole of his moral strength; forcibly, as one knowing the awful importance of the truths he urged; lovingly, and with encouragement, as one appointed to do in Christ's stead.

For the better understanding of the position of his family, I must say he was nobly born, and that his lady's parent-

age was even more exalted than his own; but whilst he, quite unmindful of this, mingled alike with those of his own rank, *middle* class, and poor, and all felt they had a friend in him, Mrs. Wakeman manifested whithersoever she went, the knowledge of her superiority in this respect, either by her elevated bearing or patronizing condescension: and this she called "maintaining her position in society."

At the age of twenty their eldest daughter Maria, had married a wealthy country gentleman, against whom her father could only urge the strongest, and yet the least powerful reason to her, that he was devoid of real religion.—Maria said, "she would lead him in the path to heaven," forgetting she more required guidance than she had capabilty to give it,—and after some earnest remonstrance with both wife and daughter, (for both were bent on the splendidly wealthy alliance) the father gave his reluctant consent to it.

Louisa (our plain heroine) quickly perceived her sister's matrimonial error, and when, in two years after, she heard her murmur bitterly against her husband for his constant habit of avoiding her society, and seeking that of male friends, of whom she *naturally* disapproved,—firmly resolved, that if she herself ever entered into that holy estate it must only be with a companion, whom loving, she could trust and reverence. Whilst quite an infant, a maiden sister of her father had died, and left to her, as her godchild, her large funded property, and this her lovelier sisters used charitably to insinuate would be to a husband a sufficient recompense for her want of beauty. And when Amy, (the youngest sister) gave her hand something on the same terms as Maria had done, it was widely whispered that even her fortune had been insufficient to recommend her to Amy's beauty-dazzled suitor—that, of

course, no one would ever marry *her*, save for her money. Occasionally these remarks reached even Louisa's ears, as well as some condolence on the melancholy circumstance of a younger sister having been preferred before her, to both of which, she always answered with a smile, that showed she was neither hurt nor offended; but it never happened that to such ignorant, illjudging people, she vouchsafed a word in reply. They will see all in good time, she thought, who has been the wiser, and who continues happiest.

At four and twenty the world decided, Louisa Wakeman would be an old maid, to which conclusion she gave a ready assent, both in word and by act, for since Amy's marriage, she had refused, what that same world in its wisdom considered, two excellent offers.

Dr. Wakeman kept two curates,—one might have done the work if he had had twice the amount of physical strength commonly possessed by men, who, in tasking the intellect, too often pay the penalty in the body, but who, as *working* clergy, are expected to have the same amount of power as those who have never found the intense weariness of much study to the flesh, or how sensibly the labor of the mind affects the frame. Dr. Wakeman, however, was the last person who would have wished any man gradually to kill himself, in any service, or for any sum of money, much less for a recompence of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and at the risk of being considered extravagant, he kept two curates and worked hard himself, whilst most rectors "would have taken it easy" and have thought one, sufficient for the post.

The Rev. Thomas Maxwell had long, hand in hand with Dr. Wakeman, laboured earnestly for the spiritual good of the people of D———; the Doctor had married him "to a help very meet for him," been god-father to two sons, and a daughter, in virtue of which office he educated the boys,

and petted the girl, besides annually supplying her with the needful "for a new bonnet," which the mother found ample for her entire wardrobe. A simple-hearted man was Thomas Maxwell, and in the love and gratitude he bore the Doctor, there was something most beautifully child-like, and in the respect and attention the Doctor showed his ancient colleague, an evidence that he was well fitted to be a ruler in the church, and, by his fatherly benevolence, to govern in love. When Mrs. Wakeman sometimes remonstrated with him on the extravagance of educating other people's children, he would reply, "Mrs. Wakeman, my dear," (he always addressed her thus when particularly annoyed) "mind your own business. I persuaded Maxwell to marry, and when I did so, I knew he could not bring up a family on his curacy pay, so I resolved to do what I have done; and, Mrs. Wakeman, my dear, in case of my death, those boys will not be neglected, and I could wish, Mrs. Wakeman, you would be more attentive to Mrs. Maxwell, who is an admirable wife and mother, and a good Christian lady."

"Lady, indeed," (she once rejoined,) "she was a tradesman's daughter."

"And God forbid, Mrs. Wakeman, there should be no ladies among that class,—by which I don't mean women who are above household duties or attention to business, but ladies, Mrs. Wakeman, in their feeling,—ladies, by refinement of taste and education, and ladies above all in their generous consideration of those whom providence has placed beneath them. Let me tell you, Mrs. Wakeman, I have found more ladies in that class than in any other—more genuine, unaffected, thinking, self-denying women, aye, more deeply imbued with a spirit of religion, and infinitely richer in the graces of humility and patience, and of that ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,

in the sight of God of great price; and these, Mrs. Wakeman, embody my idea of ladies, whilst many a Duchess and "Right Honourable" has failed to do it. My respect for the women of the middle classes of society increases daily, for I find among them the greatest propriety and worth: and, Mrs. Wakeman, my dear, I should be very glad, if you would regulate your ideas by mine, and see, in Mrs. Maxwell, the very essence of a lady's nature.

Mrs. Wakeman, however, did not then depart from her original notion of a lady, of which race she considered herself a type, being well-born, accomplished, and rich, never having compounded a pudding in her life, or done anything more vulgar than giving orders for dinner, saving always the eating it. Now, Mrs. Maxwell, she knew, from her own report, to be actively engaged in domestic life, once indeed she had called on her, and *caught* her with her hands all over flour, than which nothing could be more degrading or farther from the practice of a lady. So she heeded not Dr. Wakeman's remonstrance in behalf of the curate's wife, but remembering the position in society she formerly filled, felt herself "quite above such associates." Well, however, would it have been with the self-satisfied lady if she had imitated the simplicity of faith and practice, the usefulness, benevolence, and affability, endearing her to all, of the noble woman who was Mr. Maxwell's wife.

It is very rarely that the better born among the clergy will come down from their presumed elevation to extend the right hand of fellowship to the middle classes, as Dr. Wakeman had invariably done; for, generally, whilst they are sufficiently attentive to the actual poor, they are shrinkingly afraid of that society, over which they might, if they would, extend an influence as worthy as beneficial. Unfortunately there seems, even among those who have sprung from the middle rank, a tendency to consider

themselves, by their profession, raised above it, and it is painful to think that which should make them more humble and lowly, adds only to their prideand self-exaltation. I have frequently observed that directly after ordination, young men shun the society from which, perhaps, they have received kindness and assistance, and in which they were formerly glad to mingle, and seek only the higher into which their title of Reverend gives them the *entrée*. There is a meanness in this, which one is almost tempted to despise.

But to return to the subject of the Doctor's curates.—During the period that Mr. Maxwell had laboured in D—, he had seen come and go many colleagues,—one had died, another, to his everlasting sorrow had embraced the faith of the Roman Catholic Church;—another had exchanged his curacy for a living;—a fourth had imbibed the Tractarian error, and no longer felt able to discharge the work of the ministry, as required by Dr. Wakeman; and a fifth, the Rev. Henry Wilmot, had lately taken the vacant post, filling it with zeal and energy, and to the glory of his heavenly Master. For him both his senior fellow-labourers entertained the highest esteem, and with them he worked earnestly, and unremittingly, being foremost in every good work and word, and, by the grace of God, in his powerful preaching, winning many souls to Him,

Twelve months had passed since the Rev. Henry Wilmot came to D———, when one morning Dr. Wakeman entered the room where his daughter Louisa was sitting, he was very pale, and his countenance unusually discomposed—"Dear papa," she said in some alarm, "What is the matter?"

"My dear," he said, "Mr. Wilmot is taken suddenly and seriously ill."—

Louisa spread both her hands before her face, as if smit-

recovery is well-founded, and that however slow it be,—however enfeebled his constitution, it will be en

"Thank God!" murmured Louisa. "Oh! Mrs. well, what angelic kindness you have shown durin trying time;—how shall we ever thank you?"

"Oh! my dear," she replied, "it has been a great h nes to me, —— only —— Miss Wakeman, I wish so r to say something to you—something that never else be revealed; it may be wrong to tell you; I have not asked Thomas, for fear he should make me think so;— may I tell you?

"Whatever it is," said Louisa firmly "yes."

"You know," continued Mrs. Maxwell, that Mr. mot's parentage was low; you know, also, that he educated at Cambridge, by a Society (I forget its n that he is without friends, and is entirely dependant o curacy for a livelihood."

"Yes," said Louisa, growing very pale.

"Under these circumstances," said Mrs. Max nothing, perhaps, could be more unfortunate —— Louisa grasped Mrs. Maxwell's hand convulsively.

"It certainly *seems* like presumption," continued M. "but I believe rather than ever breathe a word o love for you ——— "

Louisa had thrown herself back in her chair, a cold perspiration stood in large drops on her forel Mrs. Maxwell became alarmed, and applied some res tives that were at hand.

"Dear Mrs. Maxwell," said Louisa, at length, "will do me the infinite kindness, in as few words as pos to tell me how you came to know this?"

"One night," replied, Mrs. Maxwell, "in the time v he was so exceedingly weak, he became delirious, and by the frequent and impassioned mention of your n

as well as by his earnest enquires respecting you lately, I, as you say, came to know it."

"And you are convinced he loves me," said Louisa, with a strange earnestness of manner.

"Entirely," replied Mrs. Maxwell, decidedly.

"Then," said Louisa, "No power on earth shall put asunder, those whose hearts God hath already joined."

Mrs. Maxwell looked wonderingly on the face that had been called plain, and saw glowing in it that which seemed to her, the highest kind of loveliness,—the earnest devotion of a true woman to the man she loves—loves, though low-born and poor, because she has seen in him, holiness and nobility of soul, as well as every perfection of character and life; other man than this, Louisa Wakeman never could have loved.

There was a silence of a few moments, during which Mrs. Maxwell gazed joyfully on Louisa's love-lit face.

"Dear Mrs. Maxwell," she said, in a low subdued tone "you are wondering at me. I have betrayed my secret, but with you I know it is safe—"yes," she continued, her voice scarcely raised above a whisper, "I love Mr. Wilmot so that I could die for him; whilst he was so ill, I sometimes thought if he died, I could not survive him. I have dared to love him without a hope that he loved me; it was wrong, perhaps, but I had no power over my own will;—yet you, who have known me since I was a little child, can tell, I am not one who would love lightly; and though, as I have said, I had no power over its first impulse—I knew the object of my love all-worthy and sought not to cast him from my heart, as in any other case I should have done. Oh! Mrs. Maxwell, I thank God for what you have told me to day, and but for it, I never should have spoken thus, ——— and now I am resolved I will be Henry Wilmot's wife."

"But, my love," said Mrs. Maxwell, do you remem his inability to ask you,—it seemed to be the one gr trouble of his life, in that delirious raving, that you, as said, were rich and well-born."

"By this better fitted to be his wife," she answered.

"And then it will be so long before he recovers," s Mrs. Maxwell.

"Then I will be his nurse."

"Yes, Louisa," said Mrs. Maxwell, earnestly, "your deep love, for you have lost all thought of self; you s well, you could die for him; I believe, if necessary, y would."

"I would," she rejoined, and clasping her hands passi ately together, "I am no child, no girl,—I am a resol and earnest woman,—I long since determined that how ever far apart our path in life might me, the whole aim mine should be to brighten and cheer his, in whate way he most required it.—Mine is the love that never v die,—it was given without any knowledge of requital, a I never hoped for it, even if he had gone hence and m ried another, the purpose of my life should have been f filled, I would have been his truest and best friend.—Y even thus I loved him, that in whatsoever consisted happiness, it would have been mine to further it; a now I know, my love alone can give it, *I will not stayed*, I will marry him!"

"God grant it," fervently ejaculated Mrs. Wakeman.

* * * * * * * * * *

A week after this conversation with Mrs. Maxwell, Wakeman and Louisa were alone together in the stu he had just returned from a visit to Mr. Wilmot, and daughter, bringing a low seat, seated herself at his f

"Is he better, father?" she asked—

"Yes, much—he is able to leave his bed now, though too feeble to walk, poor fellow."

"Father," she continued, "has his conduct, during sickness, confirmed your opinion as to his goodness and piety?"

"Yes, my child, he is indeed a saint of God,—his heart is truly set upon righteousness, and is as simple as a child's whilst his faith is firm as a rock."

"And what would you say, my dearest father, if I told you, that I ——" she paused one instant, but then with the firm look and tone of one who is not ashamed of that which she avows, went on "that I love him deeply and wish to be his wife?"

The doctor looked down upon his daughter with a face full of wonder.

"Yes, father," she continued, "even now ——to morrow if you will,—there is no tempting providence in this case; if I should, unhappily, become his widow, my fortune will remain unimpaired, and if otherwise, which God in his mercy grant, it is ample for the wants of both."

"And Louisa loves even thus," said the Doctor in a tone of surprise.

"Yes," she cried, and flinging her arms round him, "so that I will leave father and mother and cleave only unto him."

"Louisa," said Dr. Wakeman, solemnly, "I know that this is no light love, no impulse of a moment, and I know also that the man of your choice is the one I would have chosen for you, but he has but, lately risen from a bed that threatened to be one of death, and to which no one can say how soon he may return, to rise no more; can I, therefore, give my sanction to that which will environ you with many sorrows, which otherwise you may be spared?"

very much of you during your illness."

"I have no words to express how deeply thankful I am for *her* solicitude," said the curate.

Dr. Wakemen drew close to the sick man's couch, and said, "I wonder if ever you think of her, Wilmot?"

The attenuate hand eagerly grasped that of the Doctor and he replied, "Oh! Sir, in asking me that question, you little know if I dared what answer I should make,—I can only say *now* that I think of her every hour."

"And if I told you," said the Doctor, in his most gentle tone, "that I came here to night, only to know if you loved her, that I might return the message of her earnest affection, would you receive the tidings gladly?"

"To know if I love her," he said, "and return the message of her affection,—can it be possible?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Wakeman, "but you must be very calm, or I cannot tell you the rest;—it is that Louisa, who never before loved any man, has so lost herself to you, that she is ready any hour to be your wife; judge how she loves you by such trust; judge how I think of you by bearing such tidings—through God's grace I trust to give you new life.'

The young man spoke not, but his lips moved in prayer, it was the first out-pouring of his gratitude to the Most High. At length he found words, few and broken, to express to his earthly benefactor, his deep sense of such exalted affection, of his unworthiness, and of her vast perfection, and lastly to make the most impassioned declaration of his love, hitherto regarded as so hopeless.

"And now," said the Doctor, "one thing only more I add to night, that as soon as a special licence can be procured, I shall unite you—God grant for years of happiness."

Very shortly after this conversation Louisa Wakeman became the wife of Henry Wilmot.

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"Of course," said the world, "we all knew that whenever *she* married, she must throw herself away—such a plain girl as she was must take what she could get. Well, well, it must have been a desperate case of wanting a husband to offer herself to a penniless curate, whom a week before every body believed to be dying."

Mrs. Wakeman's indignation at her daughter's resolution, and the Doctor's approval could not easily be described; it was principally based on the low birth and inferior position of Louisa's chosen husband; but both having anticipated and prepared for the storm, were in no way moved by it.

Louisa's sisters, in spite of the discomfort of their own marriages, and the proofs they had given of inability to choose fitly for themselves, felt privileged as married ladies of a few years standing, to reason with her "on such a *low* match," and in clear terms to express their conviction, that by it she was disgracing the family.

But Louisa's love "was founded upon a rock, and it endured."

And so at last it was agreed by all, that it was just what might have been expected from one whose mind was clearly as narrow as her face was plain.

The world "could not understand it," after it had made the most of every whispered conjecture and remark: and it will be long after you and I, reader, have passed away, ere it comes to a better knowledge of nobility of purpose, and disinterestedness of action,—ere it makes a

fairer estimate of great personal sacrifices, or the pure, high, loving motives that have prompted them. Did, I say it would not be till long after we are dead? nay, I doubt if as long as human nature continues, the elements of uncharitableness, and false judging, will be uprooted.

But let each one look to himself;—let us be especially careful gently to deal with, gently to judge one another, and never hastily impute any wrongful motive, or put other than the most charitable construction on any action of whose leading spring we are ignorant, however it may be condemned in the world, or denounced to us.

It was years before Mr. Wilmot recovered his ordinary health, but in all that trying time, (during which its re-establisment seemed often hopeless,) he was cheered and supported by his noble-hearted loving wife. Of the extent of her self-sacrifice he was never more deeply sensible, than when he saw her own utter forgetfulness of it, and, indeed, of every personal consideration, hope, and feeling.

Years flew by;—the "plain sister" was the happiest of her family, and she, with her husband, the comfort of the now declining years of Dr. and Mrs. Wakeman, the latter having lost something of her ancestral pride and adopted a little of her husband's idea of *a lady*, inasmuch as she condescended to visit and receive cordially, Mrs. Maxwell, her daughter's best and dearest female friend, who never forgot that mainly through her instrumentality, she came to be "the curate's wife."

In the course of time Mr. Wilmot received the presentation of a valuable living, through the patronage of a nobleman, whose high appreciation of his talents and exalted piety led him to bestow it. To him many now look with love and reverence, and his wife's wedded but

plain sister.

THE PAINTER'S DAUGHTER.

This brief and simple tale of a sad life, I found among the papers bequeathed to me by my father, who was Rector of Harmore, at the time the unhappy lady lived in a small cottage, distant about a mile from the village, and remarkable for its lonely and peculiarly romantic situation. From a dedication prefixed to the memoir, it seems to have been written in explanation of the somewhat extraordinary circumstance of her residence there—and yet more so her solitary and peculiar mode of life. In her will she directed that a sealed packet, together with several rare objects of antiquity, and paintings of value should be given to my father; and this after the bequest of her whole fortune to M. di Contini, with the care of an aged servant, was the sole one it contained. On the cover of the M.S. I find this stated in my father's hand writing, and the last page appears also to have been added by him.

I am the daughter of a painter—a man of genius, and of great reputation; whilst yet an infant my mother died, and I was nurtured under the eye of my fond and indulgent father. I was his model, his constant companion in the studio, and hours of recreation, (which however were very few and rare,) and from him I learned whatever

knowledge I possess—for books I only used as a mean entertainment. It was the world of art in which I liv for all that is contained within its comprehensive ran had an intense admiration, and for the works of the gr artists, living and dead, a deep and cherished veneratı My father's life was wholly dedicated to the noble art which, by unceasing labor and perseverance he had gai the entire mastery; and ever by his side, it was marvel that I caught the spirit of his inspiration loved it too. I had no female friends, but mingled fr with all those of my father, who visited his studio or f side, and there he ever seemed but to wish *me*, the ol and most honoured guest. I believe I was very beauti certainly accustomed from my earliest childhood to h it, and to much admiration and attention. They sai was a deep thinker; this I know—that I had strong fe ings, resolute will, and a powerful imagination.

In these last years of my life, it has been my happin to remember that my father had a strong sense of religio that he constantly strove to conform his walk and c versation to the image of his Lord and Saviour, and meekness and lowliness of heart, to do all things to J glory. Me he led, when he deemed I knew the vast i portance of the holy rite, to ratify my baptismal vow bef the altar, and when that was done, to eat of that "b which was broken, and that blood which was shed for remission of sins," and often together this we did in "tok of our remembrance of Him." But of the religion *of* *heart* I knew nothing.

I was about eighteen when my father consented to ceive as his pupil, one Carlo di Contini, an Italian, l never having resided, save at intervals, in his native cou try, in tastes and feelings (as much as if by birth)

Englishman. In appearance however, he was decidedly foreign; his face was strikingly intellectual and handsome—his manners elegant and refined—and (to me at least) in all he said and did there was a matchless grace. The tone of his conversation was always elevated—he breathed the lofty language of genius, and when its theme was art, it was eloquent in the highest degree. In his heart there seemed to be no touch or taint of the world—pure and noble it soared high above the common things of earth. In poetry and in music his soul delighted, and best in those holy strains that lead the thoughts to God. I saw in him the likeness of the great things my mind so often pictured, and beholding loved! His presence did not drive me from the studio, and my father in no way discouraged the most perfect freedom of our intercourse: I believe he knew (previous to his becoming an inmate of our house,) that Di Contini was engaged, and deeply attached to a lady in the country; it was a subject to which he never alluded, but from various circumstances, rather than any actual information I came to know it, as well as that he only waited to attain such a degree of eminence in his profession, as would afford him a sufficiency of means to make that lady his wife. I have never been able to understand how it was, that my father (in most matters so acute,) should have overlooked the possibility of my becoming attached to his gifted pupil—whether it was that the knowledge of di Contini's engagement made him think such a thing unlikely—whether a hope that I should reciprocate the earnest affection of a man, for whom he entertained the highest sentiments of regard—or that his pencil was so all-engrossing, that he had no thought in the matter I know not. At first, I had no idea but that the admiration I felt for di Contini, and the ex-

treme pleasure I had in his society, were other than the natural and ordinary tributes of an inferior to an exalted nature, and it was not until one bright summer morning, some six months after I first knew him, when he left us for a few weeks, with the ostensible purpose of recruiting his health, that my jealous heart awoke to its reality, and knew whither he was gone, and to whom! Then it was that I began to know what an awful thing is love, secret and unrequited.

> "A hidden fire, but not the less
> Consuming, in its dark recess."

Those weeks of absence, were months, nay, years of anguish to me—it was unendurable to think, that the "idol of my soul's devotion" was yielding all his love to another; that he, whose perfections seemed so boundless, and whom I so madly worshipped, could never feel a respondent tone to that within my heart. I have said I worshipped him—yes, I did bow with a speechless reverence, that should be rendered to none but God, to the many graces of that great souled man; I felt how strangely his spirit gave me back the high imaginings of my own—how fitted they were to soar together—how well he might lead me in paths as yet untrod; and yet, that my absolute inferiority rendered me almost unworthy to gaze on the infinity of his perfection; he, to whom no homage I could give was dear, whose coveted sympathy has all, all another's. In those occupations, in which I formerly delighted, I utterly lost all interest; my whole—my only pleasure was now to gaze on him. I used to sit for hours (in some position where I could do so unseen,) and watch his fine countenance, with its anxious look upon his work, and his exquisite hand as it followed the dictates of his

mind, he, quite unconscious, even of my presence—whilst my heart, full of all wild feelings, thought only upon him. My father, at this time often had days of severe indisposition, and then it was we were frequently alone together; but he would forget my being there, and sometimes when I had sat a weary hour or two, would suddenly turn round and exclaim—"What Helen, are you here?" but never ask me to draw nigher, or give one visible indication that he loved me better than the pencil in his hand.

But oh! what love was his—what true pure feeling! It was the love of genius, and who shall say it is a common thing? like that of many, half selfishness—half vanity. For all his truth to her to whom his faith was given, I reverenced him the more—yes, whilst I wished, but that faith plighted to me. In all that long time we were together, he never spoke one word, or glanced one look, that she might not with pride have noted, and called him her's undoubtedly. If he divined that which I so carefully strove to hide,

> "For little will the lip reveal
> Of all the burning heart can feel."

he never by the merest sign betrayed it, but seeing that I was restless and unhappy with the gentle kindness of a brother, strove to give employment to my thoughts. He earnestly persuaded me to cultivate my taste for painting; I yielded to his wish, but when he was not by to guide my hand, it was listless—the brush dropped from it, and he found his task quite hopeless. And so it was with music; in the evening he would give me a lesson on the harp, but he ever had to complain, that I had not practised that of the night before, and at last he gave this up too. Oh! he should have seen me, when I strove to tune my voice or instrument—drop my wretched head despairingly, feeling that he for whom alone I cared to wake a sound, delighted

in those, which no harmony of mine could equal—"the sweet low music of HER voice."

I mentioned, that my beloved father had probably thought I should return the affection of a man for whom he had a very high regard; he was a great man—I do not feel privileged to mention his name here—but were I to do so, you would start in surprise, that I, an insignificant girl, could shut my eyes to the many advantages of a marriage with him, and close my heart against one, who, in offering me his, surely laid down such a treasure as it seldom falls to the lot of woman to take up. I steadily declined to marry him. My father said "he would not influence me in the slightest degree," but not so Mr. di Contini, who, seeing perhaps for me, in an union with a man of such mind and worth, a store of future happiness—besought me to consider well what it was that I did. Oh how like the death knell to all hope in this life, were the words he spoke that night!

We were walking together, and were silent for a long time—I leant upon his arm, wishing only, that pause by one look or word of affectionate interest might be broken, and he began:—"You are certainly wrong Helen, in refusing to marry Mr. ——, are you not sure that he loves you—do you not see in every point of view, such a marriage is most desirable—is he not a man entirely estimable?"

"Yes," I answered, trembling as I never in all my life had done before, with the mighty swelling of my heart.

"I thought so;—yes, truly he is a great and noble hearted man—one, whose name is already known from one boundary of Europe to the other, and whom you and I shall live to see acknowledged as the greatest artist England ever had!"

"Oh yes" I said, "I know it well, but I do entreat you to speak to me no more of him."

"I must, I will Helen; it is due to one for whom I find all words poor to express my esteem, due yet more to you, for whom I hope so much! Tell me, is this coldness affectation—maiden affectation?"

"I do not love him," I said, "I have told him so, and it is cruel of you, who know me so well, to accuse me of this fault—which, perhaps of all the category is the only one I do not possess. How can I be otherwise than cold. when ——"

He sighed, and said

> "O! 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
> That women cannot love where they're beloved."

"Nor men neither" I said quickly.

By no sound or sign did he intimate that he heard this. Looking back to it, and many such slight incidents, I can trace that he felt the secret of the passionate woman by his side, but he said—"You must try and love him, Helen—he is *the man* you ought to marry; your tastes and feelings are similar—there is an unknown unity in your hearts, and for these reasons, I say again, you *must* marry him."

"No" I said almost vehemently, "I never will marry —never, for ——"

I left unfinished the sentence, and he asked for no rejoinder, but in those low, sweet, kindly tones, that sound in my ears even now, urged me less for the sake of the good man who loved me so disinterestedly, than for my own, *to try* and return that love. Then I broke out into a passionate declaration, that, loving not from inclination, neither interest nor pity should induce me to pretend it; and he sighed again, and led me silently home.

The shadows of that hour flit by me, as I tell its sorrows here.

Time wore wearily but swiftly on, and I knew that soon a parting, more bitter than that of the grave, would be at hand. I had felt too severely the short intervals of Di Contini's absence, during the period of his studying with my father, to doubt how wretched I should be when I could not hope for his return. Yet, there was no help—none, but that I should bear my misery. And he, (the object of my wild love) marked the swift passage of time with a glad smile—it brought him nearer to the consummation of his highest earthly happiness, and me, only to my utter misery and despair. It was evident to me I had won no more of his regard than that which he accorded very early in our intimacy—of a brother; still ever unconscious of my presence, indicating even less interest in anything I said or did—caring nothing for the sound of my voice, I, (to whom the slightest sign would have been food for hope) could not dream that I shared the love so wholly and entirely another's. I *could bear to think*, that in loving me he might break his Agnes' heart, that by her broken heart I might gain happiness; but I thank God, *now*, that so many weary years have passed, and the sorrows of those days are growing dim, that I obtained no such unhallowed influence as might have caused him to commit a wrong so deep and cruel, the guilt of which would have been mine.

Dear friend, be with me whilst I speak of moments past recal, and of myself, as in the present.

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It is the night before we are to part, for years both know—I feel with agony that it *should* be for ever. We

are in the studio—that room hallowed by so many scenes, recollections and associations, and are alone together. I sit motionless and speechless, till he comes to my side, and bending over me with one hand on my shoulder says "Dear Helen, I am sorrowing that I must leave you, I have been so happy here—to whom do I owe it but to you—to whose gentle kindness but to yours?"

What makes him start and turn so quickly to the window—is there some sight passing in the street below? No. Oh! is it to hide some strong emotion, that rose within him when he saw that I was weeping. Yes, yes, it surely is! But he comes near again, and now sitting beside me, for the first time in all those three years we have been together, takes my hand lovingly in his. The objects in the room grow dim, as in the twilight, like the sense of all past events within my heart. Still I weep, but am comforted with that hand in mine. Trembling is the tone of his voice as he says, "More than sister, dearer than friend well may we both weep at parting."

My heart is waking once again to its reality—I see all things clearer in the room, as in words scarce audible he says—"When we come back from Italy—when I am married Helen, you must come and see me; she who will be my dear wife, loves you even now; you will be with us often, Helen?" And I murmur "yes"—whilst there is a dizzy whirl upon my brain, and though hearing, I scarce am conscious. Was there anything strange in the sound of my voice, that he lets fall my passive hand—starts up, then as suddenly comes back, and faintly says:

"My poor, poor Helen!" and speaking no more—no, not a word, sits soothing with his gentle hand, my burning cheek and brow, whilst I, forgetting all that has gone before—all that I have seen in the shadowy future, feel

only in that hour the overflowing tenderness of my soul.

The twilight in the room is deepening, but as long as he is there I do not feel it can be night.

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He has left me, and now *indeed* there is darkness over the whole earth.

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There were no more tears at the last farewell; no words spoken—but how full of meaning was the look of pity and of sorrow he cast upon me as he stood there with my hand clasped firmly in his, parting from *me* last of all. To many men the knowledge of the breaking heart he left behind would have been triumph, but to him it was deep pain; yet he went forth, as probably no other would have done, knowing by no fault of his—by no light word spoken—by no idle act, no caprice of a moment, had sorrow lighted on one being in the home he quitted.

He was gone, and now *the madness* of my great despair came on me, the wild, the unbearable consciousness, that he was lost to me *for ever*. I marvel that I lived to bear it—*I*, who had no God, save him—*I*, who was a mad idolater of that, which to me was cold as the marble stone *so changed now*, marvel that I lived to bear it. My heart so little used to any discipline, so little taught to bear its burthen—that weary burthen of hopeless love, (that has fallen on so many women, and been carried in a strength that is not their own) wildly strove to cast it off, and resume its former self. It could not be, for day and night one image haunted me—that image Di Contini. I had no rest from seeing it, and all my inward crying was for the answering sound of his voice, that came never save in the

faint echo's of memory. And now it was the business of my life to hide from every eye the secret of my love—but

> "The frost and fever that wear the heart,
> Soon made the colors of youth depart
> From my sallow cheek,—over once it came
> The burning blush of the spirit's shame."

For mingling now with all my wretchedness was a feeling that, in yielding my spirit thus to the dominion of unrequited love, I had utterly degraded it; and the uprising of this thought never failed to bring that blush to my cheek; but no tear—no one of those signs of womanly feeling ever stained it; I seemed to be consumed by a restless fire, that burned up all gentleness within me, grew more strangely miserable every day—began to loathe society, and to find it extremely difficult to conceal my disgust. I felt as if there were a wide gulph fixed between me and my kind: looking forth into the world, I hated it, not with that holy Christian hate, which He who lived in it as not of it, sought to inspire all those who would be followers of Him, but with a kind of Satanic fury. In short, the curse of misanthropy was fast falling on me—a deep detestation of the human nature, which myself was compelled to bear. I spent all my days in the studio, wholly unemployed, using only my natural energy when necessary to conceal my fearful change, and never attempting to divert my thoughts from things pertaining to him—but mutely looking on his vacant place, often, oh! how often, fancying I saw it filled, and his form rise before me, in reality as in times past. I slept but very little, and when waking could not rest if away from the studio, and seldom passed there now a night that I did not creep down there. Often my beloved father would look fixedly on me, and say he feared I was not well; but I was always earnest in my assurance of perfect health, and he seemed to believe it.

I have dwelt thus long on the state of my mind at this time, that you may better comprehend how such hopeless love may act on one constituted like mine; it may lead you henceforth to wonder less at the eccentric kind of life you have known me lead, and better to understand how a cause like this will operate on a highly sensitive nature and a heart with no stay upon its God.

And now I pass to another grief—the death of my dear father; but I can say, and I do it, deeply convicted of the truth, that to yield (though unwillingly) a pure spirit to its God, and to know that before His throne it is at peace, enjoying its long-sought rest, is pain and grief, for which there is abundant solace, in comparison to that which can be found for the time-worn heart, riven by the keen pangs of its desolated love—its ceaseless agony of despair.

The attacks of illness to which my father, in the late years of his life, had been much subject, gradually increased in severity, and the physician warned me that another would but be too likely to prove fatal; he was himself perfectly aware of it, and often spoke with entire calmness of the shortness of the time he had to live. Yet neither he nor I knew how near was that solemn hour. He had been ill for some days, but no danger was apprehended—indeed, I thought him much better, the more particularly as he had spent several hours at his easel, appearing longingly anxious to complete a certain portion of a picture. A presentiment which is (I have been told) often felt by persons whose dissolution is at hand, that they part for ever from some dear object, was probably on my father, for I well recollect that when he laid down his palette that day he said—"Good bye old friend; Helen, let Di Contini have this; do not have the picture touched for a day or two—it is to be yours, dear child." These

were the only two things that were not mentioned in his will. On passing out of the room, he turned, as it were to give a last look at something, then resting for a few minutes with a look full of reverence gazed around, then slowly moved away, but ere he passed the threshold turned again, as if loath to leave all he had loved so well. He was very cheerful that evening—spoke much of his great success in art—of his love for it, but most of his thankfulness to God, that he had granted him his heart's desire, and permitted him to advance in a great degree, the reputation of the artists of England. I read to him many passages of holy writ, and he often bid me pause, to remark the beauty of some consolatory promise. In his parting he seemed to linger, and the last words I ever heard him speak were—"God bless you darling, remember *always* HE only is an abiding and continuing support—*that there is no love like His.*"

Death, as is his ceaseless wont, with his solemn tread stalked abroad in the world that night, and pausing in one chamber found there a spirit girded ready for its heavenward flight, and putting forth his hand, in mercy, and not in wrath, bade that immortal spirit wing its way to everlasting bliss. Very peaceful was that dying bed: in the deep silence of night, with no mortal eye around his slumbering soul, (for he died in sleep,) passed from its earthly confines to wake rejoicing before its God, and to take its place "among the spirits of just men made perfect." The bright sun of the summer morning gladdened as of old the master's study, and his daughter waited long for her usual summons to his side, but it came not, and when next she entered there, it was to gaze on the last touches of his lifeless hand; desolate as she had long been, doubly desolate now, in the knowledge that she is an orphan—*alone* in a world she hates.

For awhile I came back to my former self—my love for my good, indulgent father swept over my wretched heart, and I thought of all we once were to each other, (and indeed, even after my spirit's change,) and of all I had lost in him. Then a long stupified interval followed, from which I only awoke to resume my desperate sense of utter misery, to divide one grief with another. For some time after my father's death, I was beseiged by persons on business; these I despatched with as much speed as I was able, and all others, from whatever motives they approached me—pity, curiosity or interest, I repulsed with determined coldness. I grew to hate mankind more and more every day—a strong desire to shut the world out from my sight engrossed me entirely. There were none to oppose my wishes, and I resolved to act upon them—to embrace a profound and absolute solitude. I knew it would be wrong, but I cared for nothing then—the displeasure of the Most High awed me not, I preferred to brave it rather than the wakeful world should watch me—that I should come in contact with its petty cares—its heartless crowd. I had but one person to leave with a shadow of a regret—our old housekeeper; she who had stood by the death-bed of my mother—who, from the hour of my birth had tended me, and to that very day been my patient, humble, affectionate friend—who, weeping now, prayed that whither I went, thither might she go also." To her Ruth-like entreaty I only answered, "that my whole wish in this life was to be alone, and that when my grief was calmed I would come back to her," and in charge of my old home till that time should be, left her with her stricken heart, long, long to watch and wait.

It was to Italy that I sent the mournful tidings of my father's death, to his last and best loved pupil, Di Contini;

my home being at my own disposal, I told him it was his; that I had fled it, never more to be its mistress—that my greatest wish concerning it was, that on his return to England, he should occupy it without further question or comment. I stayed but for his answer; it breathed the spirit of purest friendship, most disinterested, heart-felt kindness, how, that in a few months he should gladly return to England, hoping to find me consoled in some degree, and looking forward even through the mist of my great sorrow, to a clear, bright day of unclouded happiness. How, that in my home he loved so well, he trusted long to see me its mistress and its light, and there to be my *welcome guest*; but still, if my resolve remained unchanged he would accept the charge of it, and keep it in sacred trust for me until I should return to claim it.

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I wandered some short time in search of a solitary dwelling place, and finding this, at length came hither, and without intrusting the secret of my place of residence, to any person save a solicitor of respectability, to whom I likewise gave the entire management of my affairs, arranging with him for the periodical transmission of such small sums of money as were absolutely necessary for the means of life. The greater portion of my fortune was laid by, for the service of any future plans I might form. One companion only has shared my years of solitude—that strange dog, who has been the terror of all who have presumed to lift the latch of my garden gate, and gained doubtless for his mistress a reputation as savage as his own—"birds of a feather flock together," said an old woman, who one day anxious to go beyond the prescribed limits, was prevented by the furious aspect of

my guardian. I passed a life of curious monotony that would have been unbearable to most natures, and to mine uninfluenced by universal hate, and rebellion against God's decrees. I had no books—no work—no amusement of any kind; my only occupation, a very desultory and uncertain attention to my daily wants, and the most remarkable change I saw, was in the varying sky—the revolving seasons. I was wretched—profoundly wretched, but by degrees that wild, ungovernable, furious feeling, which I know *now* was a kind of madness gave place to a milder, but not less poignant vein of sorrow. It was however three years before I began to feel or recognise the slightest change in myself; my dog kept all visitors at bay, save the woman who supplied my daily wants, and with her I never exchanged more words than necessary for the giving of orders. The barrier that in my pride and hate I had raised between myself and all mankind, long remained unbroken. But let me turn now to the day of brighter things, dawning slowly on my soul at first.

* * * * * *

It was evening; the day had been very sultry, and I had passed it suffering from extreme langour; I sat before the open window, and mused, not of that strong and sinful love and its yet dear object, but of the last night my father spent on earth, and of those his last parting words, "there is no love like His." A feeling of perfect repose stole over me, and I sank into a gentle sleep, but dreamed that my father, with an angry look, (he never wore in life) stood by, reproaching me, that whilst it was day I should be slumbering. Suddenly I was awoke by a loud crashing peal of thunder, and then methought the lingering tones of a voice were near—that the echo sent back its

low sound, saying "Arise, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light." It was a fearful storm; the lightning as a garment rent the sky asunder, and the noise of the thunder like the roaring of a thousand cannons from afar, shook the whole earth. Yet trembling, I stood still, awed as I had never been before. As I watched the lurid streams of light flashing with angry fury in the dark and threatening sky, and the sweeping torrents of rain falling with increased violence every moment, a deep conviction of the might of that Hand which ruleth the tempest came upon me, and a still small voice to my bewildered ear, gently saying "Behold the Lord He is God," and there, whilst raged that awful storm, I sank down before Him, beseeching that He would now cast out the evil spirit within me, and in His great mercy shew me the path of everlasting life. And then the long forgotten words of a gracious Saviour recurred to my softened heart, and weeping as I had not wept for years, I cried "Yea Lord, weary and heavy laden I *will* come unto Thee, and Thou shalt give me rest."

A change had fallen on me, but old things had not passed away and become as new—I had not yet repented with that "repentance not to be repented of." Till the end of another year the dog barked at my gate, and the hate of mankind was upon me. Yet the sun of righteousness had risen in my heart, and though it was the light shining in darkness, and the darkness comprehending it not, yet at length and at last, in the rays of His bright refulgence I saw my own exceeding sinfulness—that pride is offensive to an all-pure God—that lofty imaginings are all powerless for good, but that meekness and lowliness of spirit are in His sight, of great price; and I began with my vile and corrupt self to wage a perpetual

war—to pray that I might beat down Satan—to remember with a sorrowful memory the misspent years of my life, and leaning only *now* on the merits of a new found Saviour, asked for strength and grace to redeem the time that was past. To the Bible—to the long neglected words of life and peace, I turned and read, that "He in nowise would cast me out," and sinful as I felt I was—yet believed this. Often, very often after this change had began to work I had weary days of my wild, passionate moods—days in which I could do nothing but sit with folded hands and with despairing desperation dwell upon the past. Sometimes I was haunted by an inability to think on any subject I would wish—it was as though

> "An airy hand confusion wrought
> Wrote—mene—mene—and divided quite
> The kingdom of my thoughts."

Then again, my old loathing of myself would fall on me in its terrible form, and all things would seem unbearable, till I could turn my weary, panting gaze on the new bright hope of my existence, and remember to whom I might go with my laden heart, and for ever find peace. Still, the dog was barking at my gate, and I could not conquer my aversion to mingling with my fellow creatures. Then I read how he that saying he loves God, and hates his brother is accounted a liar before Him—and with a desperate effort walked forth one Sabbath morning, looking for a strength that passeth man's understanding, and heeding not the voice of the Prince of darkness, who bade me preserve unbroken, the solitude and peace of my cottage home, entered Harmore Church, needing much—Oh! how much, to hear that "He willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness and live."

Let me speak again of myself as in the present.

* * * * * *

The dog barks no longer at my gate, but little children gather there, and I am loved amongst them. You come to see me—I am often found at your fireside, and your gentle wife is ever ready with her glad and kindly welcome—with her I am less sorrowful,

> "For she is not of those,
> Who all the heart's affections close."

and I am coming fast now to the last page of my life, with no more sorrows to darken or make it sad. I have remembered that aged and loving woman, who has watched long years for my return—whose heart is sick with hope deferred—who has began to weep for me as lost, and have resolved to see her—to go *there*, to my old home of many memories—to try myself by the test of visiting scenes of departed days, and to know by it, if indeed I am become the new creature I have dreamed.

* * * * * *

I have sat in the studio, in my old place, all things wearing the same aspect as when passed on me the curse of that wild love, and watched *his hand* trace bright pictures as in times past—all objects seeming different, yet the same. And have seen standing by his side—a fair and much-loved woman—heard dear children's voices calling on him by the hallowed name of "Father"—not without pain—how could I see the shadows of the past flit by me and suffer not? but without (oh yes, in truth) one vain wish—one murmuring regret. My brother and my sister they have asked to be—to shelter and to love me, but I would not, that one on whom is so indelibly set the mark and sign of *past* grief should make

sad their happy home, that any such pale beacon of ear
sorrow, and woman's woe should cause those glad child
to say, "Father, how is it she is thus?" He would not
them, but a cloud would rest often on his heart, as t
question brings to his remembrance—the bright
he knew me first, and he would grieve in tracing
gradual change to see now how it is wrought entirely;
would not tell those children, that in the bitter agony
her unrequited love she drooped, and faded thus—but
would often feel with pain and sorrow that it was even
I could not stay there to bring to that noble heart
frequent pang it would experience, as on seeing
these things would pass before him.

* * * * * *

I am come home again—not this time alone; my fai
ful friend is with me; aged and infirm as she is, *sur*
another sorrow waits her—to lay me in the silent to
I am daily growing weaker—I know I shall never
again the violet in the Spring—that the seed they
sowing in the earth will not rise in the green blade
my weary heart will be at rest. In this assurance I
very happy—happier far in the knowledge of the la
whither I am hastening, and of that Saviour by wh
merits I am ransomed and redeemed.

My dog sleeps ever at my feet, and is very gentle no

A stranger passing through Harmore churchy
pauses always before a plain cross of white marble, wh
sole inscription at its base is

—"HELEN"—

and an irresistible curiosity to know something of t
history of the sleeper beneath that stone will creep o

him. Turning around, he sees records of the lives of others on the monuments that mark their resting place, but none of them inspire him with the feeling with which he looks again on that spotless cross. If he ask a passing villager "whose grave it is?" he will but learn—"that of the strange lady;"—for some fragment of her story, how unlike to all the world she was, how sad and graceful; that on the day the earth was opened to receive her, a tall and foreign looking man stood by; that in her funeral train he was the chief and only mourner; and that kneeling down, and looking into the tomb where they had laid her, he wept long and very bitterly. The stranger with his last lingering look upon the cross, feels, to that name of "Helen" clings a mournful memory; and going forth into the world forgetting many things, thinks often of that voiceless monument, and the woman's name beneath it.

RETRIBUTION.

Who would believe that hobbling, cross-looking old bachelor, just stepped out of his wheeled chair, scarce ten years ago was the most fashionable and courted of the select and aristocratic society—in fact, *l' enfant gâté* of this, our celebrated watering place of Harrington.

Possessing a fortune that enabled him to maintain a small but elegant establishment, to hunt, to shoot, and do everything that was *comme il faut*, and that everybody else did; moreover boasting an ancient descent from some Norman, who, at the Conquest, by oppression and wrong won his title to English lands; having a good college education, wit, conversational talent, elegance of manner and appearance, a perfect acquaintance with all the acquirements and *convenances de la société*, Willingford was a man of fashion, in repute with all, and an universal favourite. They *spared* him from Harrington for a short campaign in London during the season, but he was out of his element there, being one who must rule and reign, and the city of the world is not a place where a *small* man may do that; so having shewn himself at Exhibition, Opera, and Park, and seen the lions, to talk of in the country, he was joyfully welcomed back again, and had soon his day, dinner, and evening engagements a month deep; for it really seemed nothing—no driving, riding,

sketching or pic-nic party—no fête, ball, soirée, or conversazione could possibly go off without him.

And why was this very fascinating person a bachelor when past forty?

Intensely, most perfectly selfish, he was agreeable only for his own gratification, and he felt a wife if she shared would but mar his pleasures, and clog his freedom. A restraint on any of his actions he had never known, nor could he remember at any time to have consulted anybody's interest or pleasure but his own, and he used to say "I have had, and enjoyed my own way too long to bear any division of empire; but some day if I see a nice girl of fortune, why, I will marry her for the sake of a nurse, for really I have had a twitch of the gout lately, and I don't fancy hired people in sickness." And thus Mr. Willingford thought to terminate his numerous flirtations under cover of which he had cruelly and designedly made many a young heart suffer; for though far too clever and cautious to compromise himself by an open avowal of love, as it amused and diverted him, he did not scruple to indulge in the exalted pleasure, (like to that of the Emperor who caught flies for the delight of killing them,) of exciting a warm interest by "looks and tones, and a thousand winning flatteries," and of watching the agony of his victim as it had to be quenched and die.

I have seen him enact the same *rôle* to the three or four girls in one season, and with entire success in every case; for, perfect master of the (not very deep) study of the female character, he would immediately discover the point at which to direct his covert attack, and follow up his advantage with the consummate skill of one well practised in the arts of thus basely grieving and torturing a young and unsuspicious spirit.

Exquisite person—how richly he deserves the gout!

Possibly it may seem odd, but after having been as he *would say* in love a hundred times, (more or less to the prejudice of the favoured object), he was *really* in turn the victim of something more than a passing fancy. Cupid at length tired of shooting arrows *for* him, aimed them *at* him, and they fairly brought down his game.

It was by the dazzling beauty, no less than the sweet gay frankness of Helen Marchmont that Mr. Willingford was thus strangely subdued into a serious and determined thought of matrimony. Not only (mused he) would this well born and dowered young lady be an ornament in his pretty home, but a nurse, patient and loving in his dreaded gout; and what if he were old enough to be her father, he had captivated younger girls than she.

It was one very gay summer that Miss Marchmont with her mother came to reside at Harrington, for emerging from her widowed retirement, the Hon. Mrs. Marchmont felt a desire once more to re-enter the *beau monde*, and her means not allowing her to live splendidly, she knew she would be outshone in London—for people who may be great luminaries in the country are very feeble lights there; and she knew also that her name would make a noise in Harrington, whilst it could scarce have been heard amid the great din of high sounding titles in the Metropolis. So, wisely, with her fair daughter she chose to come down hither—to create a sensation, and astonish Mr. Willingford. They had not met twice before he determined on a flirtation with Helen; but she quietly gave him defiance in a manner to which he was totally unused. She neither seemed amused nor laughed at his sallies, cared for his coming or going, or gave heed when he addressed her, (however low the tone)—indeed, was

altogether unmindful of him and his fascinations. Piqued, at first he tried if inattention would have any effect upon her. But, it was nothing less than nothing, and he began to fear he should never add her to to the list of his conquests. Then he again changed his tactics, and assiduously devoted himself to Mrs. Marchmont, who thought him so delightful a man that Helen was secretly alarmed lest he should become her father-in-law. But no, he simply courted the mother for the sake of the daughter, and in this he was as beautifully selfish as in every other action of his life. Towards Helen he now acted with independent ease; and at length, blinded by his entire self satisfaction, and the belief that no woman possibly could eventually resist his attractions, he fancied he had gained some ground with her, and one morning put on an elegant cravat, carefully arranged his toilet, and nothing doubting a favourable result, made formal proposals to Mrs. Marchmont for Helen's hand—who, a little disappointed, startled and flurried, thought it best he should receive his answer from her high-minded daughter's own lips.

Then he told his tale to Helen, who with a slight smile on her calm beautiful face heard it out, then rose, and with matchless dignity said—"Sir, I do not thank you for this. From a friend who has lived long in Harrington I have learned your real character—and I know for years you have been that odious thing, a man flirt; and I say again I do not thank you for having deemed it possible, that the lady who stands before you, numbering less than half your years could condescend to be the partner of the miserable remnant of such a life. No—do not think to have other than the wretched reward of such a career—a lonely and unloved old age. I feel as if it were given me this day to avenge many of my injured sex; and whilst decidedly re-

jecting your proposals, to tell you, if you feel either mortification or any kind of pain, that you well merit it at their hands." She did not leave the room, she stayed to see her triumph out and the crest fallen man retire. She was glad—she did rejoice in his humiliation; not for any pleasure it gave her, but for the recompense he would feel it for the wrong he had done to others.

Immediately after this, Mr. Willingford left Harrington, but when Helen married and Mrs. Marchmont went away he returned—a miserable martyr to gout, spleen and *ennui*. In a querulous, selfish, self-satisfied old man, whose powers of amusing are gone, nobody has any interest; and there he hobbles, grumbling at the world's neglect, forgetting that it owes him nothing, save indeed the memory of his faded popularity. He does not choose to remember, that but for his own folly, bright faces might even in his change and sickness have looked on him with fond affection, or that it would have been wiser to have gained, and kept the love of one true heart, than to have trifled with a hundred, or have been for a brief space *l' enfant gâté* and admired of all Harrington.

If he has sinned he suffers now, and by no means enviable is his conviction, that the distant relative who is heir to his money wishes he may soon "shuffle off his mortal coil," and that his lonely life ended the truth of these words will be proved.

"Nobody mourns for him, nobody cries,
Nobody cares when *a Bachelor* dies."

ALICE VYNER.

"Oft our displeasures to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust."

SHAKSPEARE.

Reader, have you ever known a class of persons, who, among other noble professions, are very earnest in declaring that they will do anything to promote the happiness of those dependent upon them, yet by a course of vexatious and petty conduct destroy its every chance, and when the great opportunity for proving their sincerity arrives, choose to consider the very opposite of the soul-stirring wish of the party concerned, will be that which in the end will conduce to their happiness. There may be wild struggles, anguish, dismay—but if life fail not in the strife they are content—they have, according to their own high notion done well, and the life-long agony of their victim is their rich reward. What is it to them that a sorrow cloud rest on a brow where once no darkness sat—or worse—that the promise of youth is destroyed for ever. A grave mistake the world may note it, but methinks, elsewhere it is set down, as the sin of selfishness, of pride, and of that forgetfulness of the deep things God has put into the heart of man. I speak bitterly—I have suffered, and many an one who has wanted a hundred or so of the income deemed necessary by a guardian, has had to yield his best hope and joy as I have; many an one, for

some such cause as this, has had to bear not only the kn
ledge of his own desolation, but that of another deares
him on the earth; aye, has had to know that no exerti
no ardour, no unwearied toil will avail him anything,
perchance it is too late—or it may be supply the deficie
of station or of influential connections. I do not advoc
great inequality in these points—but where there is str
affection, unity of sentiments and feeling, in fact, a m
fitness, worldly advantage would be well in some degree
regarded. But let me to my story, (for it is rather mine t
that of her whose name I have prefixed to it,) and you
judge to the extent I could imply this. I was educa
with a view to my entering the medical profession, but
death of my father depriving me of the necessary fund
was compelled to take a situation as clerk in the bank
Basingal. My salary increased every year, and hav
gained the confidence and esteem of the manager, I hop
and expected, in course of time to fill the place next
his, and one day to be able to gratify my far higher a
bition, of having a fireside of my own, and a loving w
I put the fireside first for obvious reasons. Before I h
attained this, or indeed, any immediate prospect, I n
Alice Vyner. I had known her aunt for many years, t
until then never desired to cultivate her acquaintan
for she was a self satisfied, self important, proud perso
as keenly alive to admiration as any silly girl, and qu
as open to flattery. By her brother lately deceased s
had been bequeathed the care of his two orphan daughte
Mary, the elder, a high spirited, and as I now know
grand souled woman had chosen a situation as govern
in preference to a residence with her aunt; but Ali
timid, sensitive, and unsuited to such a post, was glad
accept the home offered her. It was with the shade

her recent grief on her sweet face that I saw her first, and heard a voice, whose low tones of softness and beauty, fell like music on my ear. I plead guilty to having paid Mrs. Malcom more attention that evening than she ever could have claimed on her own account, and of having repeated this offence on several subsequent occasions; and so successfully did I play my part, that she invited me to spend my disengaged evenings at Elm Cottage. Those evenings became numerous. Little indeed did Mrs. Malcom dream, that but for the sake of her niece, whom I already deeply loved, I would never willingly have endured a second in her society; fondly she imagined that her own attractions drew me so constantly to her house, yet though it was many months ere I even glanced a thought of love to Alice, she might, but for her own short-sighted vanity have known it long before.

Each time I saw Alice I grew more devoted to her—so loving, so truthful, so gentle, how could it have been otherwise? Gradually the timid reserve of her manner wore away, and she evidently regarded me as a true friend, and was always glad when I could be near and talk to her. But I feared that beyond this she never would suffer me to pass, and when I gained courage (which now for the first time in my life I knew I needed) to tell her how I loved her, that fear became absolute dread—for as I spoke she sat as still, apparently as calm as if she had not heard those earnest passionate words.

"Alice, speak to me" I said, "if but one word."

She pressed her hand to her heart convulsively and said "hush, hush," but in a voice so low I rather guessed than heard it.

I watched her face in agony, I held a cold passive hand in mine, and for some moments we were quite still, then

again I entreated her to speak to me.

"It is too much—too much," she murmured, "too much joy!"

So it was revealed to me that Alice loved me. It was a brief but most happy moment in which we gave ourselves up to the blessed knowledge of our love, made more beautiful, if that were possible, by its secrecy; and I am persuaded if we had so designed, we might have hidden it from Mrs. Malcom till this hour; but when I came to represent to Alice that there really was (as I then believed) no necessity, and the evil consequences that might ensue from a concealment, she consented that I should ask permission to become her acknowledged suitor. The night following that on which we came to this determination, I took Alice by the hand, and told Mrs. Malcom briefly and simply the near concern her consent to my marriage with her niece had to my happiness, and as I believed to hers. A hot flush spread from Mrs. Malcom's cheek to brow, as with unmingled surprise she stared at me, standing hand in hand with the trembling Alice: for a few moments she could not command herself sufficiently to speak, but at length, in a voice choked by varied emotions, she said "sir, I don't understand you." I confess I despaired of making her more clearly acquainted with my meaning, but I explained that I at present desired only her consent to our engagement, that we did not wish to marry until she was satisfied it might be prudent so to do, that as we were both young we were content to wait. Mrs. Malcom having recovered herself, now understood me, and was prepared to be as benevolently cruel in the course of her niece as circumstances required.

"Miss Wynne sir," she said "will be so good as to sit down." Alice reluctantly withdrawing her hand obeyed,

and she continued:—"my first wish *of course* must be to promote my niece's happiness—not merely by yielding to any scheme she may fancy will secure it, but with regard to after consequences. You have said you have no source of income save that derived from your present employment—you have no profession, no prospect, and yet you have presumed to ask my consent to an engagement with *my* niece:" she emphasized the *my* as if connection with her gave to my priceless Alice all her value: "to a long engagement under any circumstances I have objections, but in such a case as this, where marriage could never follow satisfactorily, they are wholly insuperable."

Alice had buried her face in her hands, and was trembling violently, but I did not heed her for the moment, but went on earnestly pointing out to Mrs. Malcom my hopes and chances of success, but to no purpose, for she sternly answered "that my position alone was too inferior to permit her to entertain a thought of it," and she added "if you have the respect for my niece you have said, I conceive you will at once withdraw proposals disapproved by her nearest relation."

"No madam," I said, taking the hand of Alice, "that I cannot do, and if this young lady but give me permission to think of her as my future wife I shall not again ask any other."

Mrs. Malcom was now deeply enraged—rising she said "I request that this interview may be no longer prolonged; that you will never enter my house again, and Alice, I forbid any communication with you personally or by letter."

"Alice," I said, "do you concur in your aunt's decision?"

"No—how can I?" she replied.

"Then" I said, "only till we can meet again in a happier

time, nor is I hope for distant, I bid you farewell; and [illegible] believe always I am yours till death." I stooped down and kissed her, then half mad with pain and anger rushed quickly from the house I was never to re-enter.

I was very ill for a month after this, and during that time I received a letter from Alice, in which she said that at the advice of her aunt and other relatives she had resolved to renounce all thoughts of ever becoming my wife, and then she gave me a cold adieu, and hoped I might be happy in another and more prosperous affection. I knew, I was certain Alice had not done this of her own free will, for though she was timid and easily swayed, and might in fear be terrified into a line of conduct totally at variance with her own wishes, she never I am persuaded swerved in the slightest degree from her resolve to love none but me, or altered in her true heart one little shade. Yet I had no alternative but to acquiesce in the determination expressed in her letter; it might be years before I could marry, and meanwhile I must not compromise her with her aunt. Months of misery—yes, it was misery, passed away, and save now and then at church, I never saw the dear, dear face of Alice. Oh! how is changed, how pale and sad it grew, and once it turned on me with a look of speechless agony that rent my very soul—concentrated in that moment's gaze were all her pent up feelings—therein expressed the excess of suffering of the timid and fearful nature, that had made her the victim of her implacable aunt.

Eight months after our last sad interview, an opportunity of considerable advancement opened to me in London, and though to leave the place where even the shadow of my Alice passed was deeply painful, I resolved as in duty bound, to go. Eagerly and unremittingly for

several weeks did I watch for a chance of meeting her, but none came, and I was compelled to leave Basingal with my unsatisfied craving for a last adieu gnawing bitterly at my heart.

When six years after this I found myself not only in a superior position, but able to maintain a wife in comfort I wrote to Alice entreating she would see me again. No answer to that letter ever reached me, and two more weary years passed away. During all this time no second thought of matrimony occupied me for an instant, notwithstanding that I was an object of great commiseration and perpetually being reminded "I was really merging into an *old Bachelor*." Young ladies especially urged the duty of marrying, and grew satirical as I shook my head. I used often to wonder if the deep wound in my heart were laid bare if it would teach them forbearance—if they would learn that it needed no pointed sarcasm to make it bleed anew. Oh! how very careful should we be in judging and commenting on the motives and feelings of others; who of all those deeming me cold, insensible, selfish, guessed of my hidden sorrow, and of my love which all the floods of time and waters of change had neither drowned nor quenched. I know that I became different to most men of my class, and if I were better, I owed it under God to Alice; and to the thought of her, as I knew her, in her love, and truth, and gentleness.

At the expiration of the two years after my unanswered letter to Alice I went down to Basingal, and found that Mrs. Malcom had removed thence—it was supposed to London, but that Miss Vyner had left her nearly three years previously. In vain I sought to learn whither she had gone, and dispirited by the ill success of my visit, I returned home.

From my residence in one of the Metropolitan suburb I used every morning to travel by a particular omnibu into the city; beside myself there were two other regula passengers—an old gentleman and a lady. The latter ha joined the company shortly before my fruitless journey t Basingal, and though I every morning handed her fro the omnibus I was wholly unobservant of her appearanc and manners. Strange how little one heeds one's fello travellers in the great world of London! The old gentle man and myself always exchanged a "good morning," an sometimes grew confidential about the weather, bu thoroughly English as we both were, never passed to an other topic. I was therefore surprised, when having on morning handed out the lady according to custom, h said "did you observe that lady start when I called yo by name?"

"No," I said, "it must have been your fancy, or if sh did there was no reason for it, I do not know her."

"Hum"—he said—"odd!"

The next day, with some little inconvenience I con trived to examine the face of the lady—then it was m turn to start. To the astonishment of the conductor an old gentleman, who ventured significantly to nod his head contrary to all precedent I quitted the omnibus with th lady. She however did not seem surprised, but stoo still as if waiting to hear what I would say.

"May I hope I address Miss Vyner," I said.

"And I Mr. Wilson Granger."

"Yes," I answered, "Alice—where—where is she——?"

"In London, at my home; but, alas, very ill!"

"Let me see her—oh, directly!"

"No," she said, "I must prepare her for the interview and you to find her on the very threshold of eternity. I

is fated this meeting, she has prayed, I know, to see you once again."

I was too deeply affected to talk to Mary Vyner then, but having arranged to meet her at her own home at five o'clock that evening, we went our several ways. That was a cruelly long day, and the meeting of the evening fraught with sorrow. I found Alice very ill, evidently in the last stage of consumption. Ah! how little had I thought that it would come to this. We spoke but little, she seemed perfectly happy as I sat for hours with her thin hand in mine, and ever and anon she turned on me the dear loving face of old.

"Promise me Wilson," she whispered as I was leaving that night, "you will nor forget for a moment that I am soon to die;—else must we never meet again on this side eternity. And I did promise—how could I refuse aught for which that upturned, angel face now pleaded.

Day after day it was my blessed privilege to watch beside that dying couch, and in the solemn time that followed the meeting Mary so well called "fated"; and one final parting, many were the lessons of holiness and peace, and of the blessed boon it is to die, God willed that I should learn there. She had never been well, Mary told me, since that summer which doomed her to a broken heart, and me to those eight long years of hope deferred—its sickness and sorrow. "I snatched her," she said, with an energy for which, even then, I loved her, "from my Aunt's grasp, and bore her here, I knew to die; but resolved that at least it should be in peace, and in what comfort I might earn her by labour."

On the night that Alice died I was seated by her side, knowing the hour was come, for indeed from that loved

brow I wiped the damp of death. Mary knelt at her feet in uncontrollable emotion, weeping hysterically; and, no longer having power to speak, Alice slowly raised her eyes to my face, then as slowly and as emphatically moved them till they rested on Mary, and again till finally they fixed on me—never to turn away but in death. Then I whispered "it shall be so, oh! dearest love." And with her grateful smile of sweet content, she fell asleep in Jesus; and I with Mary stood in awful silence alone with our dead. I raised and led her thence; and when next, and for the last time, we gazed together on the still lovely countenance, of that victim of the heart's agony, I told her, even there in the presence of the dead, of my angel love, how it was her last wish, that she alone should supply her place to me.

Long years have passed since that day, and clinging to me is the blessed gift of my dead Alice—Mary my noble hearted wife. There is one day in each year we ever spend alone—it is that on which she died, and we were married; and we thank God, whilst recognising the mysterious workings of immutable fate, that in our sorrow for the lost, there mingles nothing of the sad self reproach of Mrs. Malcom, (who declares that whilst she lives, the gaze of anguish that fixed on her as I last left her house in Basingal will never pass from her sight,) and are glad indeed to think of her wearing the sweet smile of happiness and content with which she gave Mary to her place and love.

ADVICE WANTED.

I have just so much spirit left as to dare to acknowledge I am afraid of my wife, and that this little record of our domestic life will meet her eye. I have, however, taken every precaution to prevent a circumstance that would not fail to bring on me an unlimited term of that punishment which is styled "being sent to Coventry;" for when Maria Augusta is provoked to an unusual degree, after the first storm of her wrath, she preserves for a length of time a profound silence towards me—which is, I do assure you reader, much more trying to a man of my feelings than I can hope to describe. There was a period when I used to endeavour to win her over to hold converse with me; but experience has at length shown me, that Maria Augusta, like most other women, will recover her temper and her powers of speech when she requires the needful to discharge her milliner's bill, or procure a new gown. Therefore I now remain in "Coventry" until it please Maria Augusta to recal me. That I dread the stormy journey and dismal sojourn there, is painfully true; and therefore I am most anxious that this, almost the first thing since our marriage which I have ventured to do without her knowledge and sanction, should remain profoundly secret from her—for though to tyrannize over me in private is Maria Augusta's glory, I must do her the justice to state

that she is the most forbearing and amiable of wives in public, (only keeping me in awe by an occasional admonitory glance, or when practicable a poke, or gentle tread of her fairy foot on my very troublesome corn,) and that, therefore, it would not fail to be an outrage on her sense of propriety and her feelings.

I do not exactly remember how I came to fall in love with Maria Augusta, but this I know, that I ever was and shall continue to be most tenderly attached to her; and let no one be so illiberal as to hint that I have put this clause in to soften down matters in case of this coming to her knowledge, for I do assure you such an assertion would have not the smallest weight with her.

It is now twenty-six years since that memorable morning of indistinct memory, when I plighted my troth to Maria Augusta—since I met her at the altar mysteriously hidden beneath a cloud of white lace and orange flowers, and attended by numerous sylphs who appeared to move in an atmosphere of gauze, and were weeping as became those appointed to assist at such a sacrifice. Tears are as indispensable to the *éclat* of a wedding as champagne to the breakfast, and I know both flowed freely on that occasion; but let it not be thought for an instant, if I acknowledge myself to have been in the peculiar condition of one whose perceptions of what is going on around him are dimmed, and who can only follow where he is led, that I was in any way influenced by the latter. I bore Maria Augusta away in a chaise and pair, amid tears and lamentations, to spend the honeymoon at Brighton; but I am sure that until we fairly reached our hotel, I did not arrive at the full and blessed consciousness of being united for life to a handsome and high-spirited wife. It is a very nervous business—that getting married, one does not know why, for it really

is so every-day an occurrence, and a thing one is accustomed to regard as inevitable, yet I am of opinion that it would put the courage of a Waterloo hero to the test, and discompose the serene aspect of an Archbishop. I, however, was told afterwards by Maria Augusta's mamma and sisters, that I "behaved beautifully"—I am sure if I did it was no merit of my own, nor yet owing to any incipient dread of matrimonial corrections for my short comings. I purpose to let "bygones be bygones," and therefore I shall allude nothing to the twenty-six years that have intervened between our marriage day and the present time; and to tell you, reader, of the difficulty in which I now find myself placed, both as a relief to my mind and for the purpose of asking your counsel and advice.

I have several accomplished daughters—Ada Constantia is engaged to a young gentleman, whose main property appears to be invested in an extensive stock of jewelry which he carries about his person. I have taken note of the following articles:—three rings, a blood stone, a turquoise, and an emerald, (I know a little about precious stones and feel confident in expressing my belief that these are expensive imitations;) shirt studs of serpentine design having coral heads and green eyes; very doubtful carbuncle waistcoat buttons; two chains, to which are appended an eye-glass, (not an article of necessity to an individual so clear sighted with regard to his own prospects, that he can see them where others can discover none,) and a variety of curious and remarkable ornaments to which my powers of description are inadequate, but one of which I am sure is the model of a gridiron and another of a candle-box; and, last in the list, a splendidly cased watch, which is commonly out of order, or set to the time most convenient to the owner. To the irregularities of this instrument, I suppose

must be attributed the glorious uncertainty of his keeping his appointments, and indeed of all his actions. His style of dress differs from that of ordinary mortals—you may see something like it in the windows of the tailors of young England—but nothing anywhere so sublime as his neck tie. I object to his fondness for scarlet, and most especially to his elegant cigarette of that colour, which is constantly replenished by Ada Constantia and her mamma, with my choicest Havannahs. I never remonstrate—it would be useless. I do not even venture to shew my feelings of disgust as he drinks four glasses of my old port to my one, and says "really gov'nor this is a good glass of wine," but meekly reply "I'm glad he thinks so." Now my consent to Ada Constantia's engagement with this individual has never been asked—her mamma it is true informed me of it, lauding his high connections and expectations and requesting a handsome sum for a wedding outfit,—"trousseau" I think she called it. I behaved ill on that occasion, and went to Coventry for a week, and on my return gave Maria Augusta the money she required. That is twelve months since, and Adolphus Mac Anthony still smokes my Havannahs—but I hear nothing of the wedding—probably they wait for him to realize his splendid expectation, by that time I fear the "trousseau" will have grown sadly old fashioned.

To come at last to the matter on which I require your advice. I have, you must know, a very old friend who has a most worthy son, in every worldly point of view a suitable match for my second daughter, Frederika, a particularly handsome girl—but, alas, possessing the temper of her, whom *I* once called angel. Young Johnson sees the outer woman but has not the faintest inkling of the demon within; and I sit hopelessly wishing night after night, she

uld just show herself in her true colours instead of iably warbling those ditties of love. I have tried on eral occasions to throw Frederika off her guard, and ; her out of temper before her evident admirer—but hout success, for she has her mother's regard for earances, and reserves her passion and her caprices the private circle. There is one point in which Fre-ika excels her; the injured air with which she supports ongs that have never been inflicted—and when indeed has made everybody uncomfortable, appearing as ugh she were the person alone to be pitied. Now the uble on my mind is this—ought I to open the eyes of ng Johnson, at the risk of depriving my daughter of eligible and amiable husband? I confess that it clearly ms to me a duty—but like many others hard to perform. ould Maria Augusta discover my having done so, I estion if peace would ever again (even to the degree I ve been by my conciliatory behaviour able to secure it) my lot in this life. Nor can I contemplate calmly the essity of telling young Johnson my domestic lake of ppiness, as he is wont to view in its public aspect, is reality in private a very troubled sea—for of course to pose the true character of Frederika involves this. I not quietly ponder on the obligation of telling him—t once married to her he will know her as she is, and nself reduced to the wretched condition of his father-law. That he must not on pain of curtain lectures—vering and averted looks—storms of passion—perhaps sterics—long intervals of total silence—venture to do smallest thing without his wife's concurrence, that he st give notice and ask a fortnight previously for per-ssion to bring a friend home to dinner, and if he wishes dine with a bachelor friend, must in fear and trembling

request her consent. That if he is, as I, a man who *loves* peace and quietness, he must resign himself to his wife's government, and be in short the mere puppet of her will. Is this my duty—is there no way of escape? I have tried my mild influence with Frederika, I know that it has failed, and that all other of that kind will be powerless to effect a change in her. Shall I therefore recommend a scheme of taming the shrew? No, Maria Augusta would find me out, the whole array of my accomplished daughters would look on me as a monster, and no advantage to young Johnson would accrue.

Will nobody help me? Will nobody tell me *what I am to do?* In full confidence that some suitable scheme for the rescue of young Johnson, on which I may act, (without compromising myself with Maria Augusta) will be proposed, I make this appeal to the public.

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

"I chose my wife," said the vicar of Wakefield "as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well"—and as I was the only daughter of a man whose means were reputed to be large, well educated, and not ill-looking I had early occasion to remember the example of this worthy clerical hero, and in my choice of a husband to resolve to follow it.

People said that "I was too particular, I expected perfection—that I might live to repent having passed by so many excellent chances, and might go round the bush, &c." But I did not fear that I should ever "pick up any crooked stick," nor had I any dread of being an old maid, for honourable indeed I considered that independence which raises a woman above the culpable meanness of marrying for the sake of a house, a name, or a position—and infinitely more estimable declining to accept a wife's title than (to avoid the one penalty of an old maid's life—the wrongful odium attached to it,) rushing into an union which neither her heart nor her reason approve. I cannot think with many, that a woman's destiny is unfulfilled if she remain unmarried—or, that in such a case she is of no importance in society; for noble indeed may have been the purpose of her life, if she have but shown that in any circumstance, in any

sphere of action, married or unmarried, a woman can be happy, useful, and worthy of all love; and vast indeed may have been her importance in her day and generation if, however circumscribed its limits, she have made a holy use of her influence.

There were those who hinted that "a too exalted sense of my own worth and consequence" had prevented my accepting offers, that in a worldly point of view seemed advantageous; but it was not this, dear reader, and you will allow me to disprove the charge, without drawing on myself another—the affectation of humility, for I was deeply sensible of the defects of my own character, and that no man of high mind and worth, altogether such as I was alone resolved to accept would find in me the corresponding qualities for a wife. Therefore I thought it impossible I should ever marry, and adopted the idea of being an old maid, calmly and contentedly; yet I know I had my beau-ideal of a husband—all women have, however unlike it their reality may prove. Some, careless about personal appearance, concentrate their ideas on "mind," others can picture only a kind husband, by which they understand one who will humour their fancies, bear with whims and upbraidings, and in all things let his wife have her own way. Then there are those who have decided views respecting the features of their future spouse—his nose must on no account be snub, nor his eyes grey; others have rambling notions of *good young man* which may be considered to mean, one without an actual attachment to vice—who goes to church sometimes, and is respectable in his mode of life—alas! there are many such, of whom all men speak well, but woe, woe to them for this! By far the greater number wish for a husband who shall be a gentleman, which, in the too common

acceptation of the term implies those only who are free alike from the habits, and necessity of business; that persons so engaged may be gentlemen is not at present a generally received opinion in the world. Granting, that the spirit of trade is one so referring to self interest, that it *is liable* to narrow the views—I say that he whose aim and object in life is solely to find and administer to his own pleasure, has one miserably below that of the mercantile man, which indeed, in its highest and best sense is noble and all worthy—and I contend that if he have education and principle, is high-minded, courteous, and that which most of all refines, religious—he has an equal right to the title of gentleman with him who claims it by his superior birth, means and leisure, and if any think it is held by these adventitious circumstances and not the qualities I have mentioned, or that the right to it is other than forfeited by base or wicked conduct, let them know themselves under a great and serious delusion.

I have wandered somewhat however from the subject of my own ideal; let it suffice to say it was none of these, but simply such a man as I had never seen in all my life, and whom I never hoped or expected to see. A faultless being, you exclaim reader; yet no, for I knew then as now, that none are so, and I believe that one great cause of so much disappointment being felt after marriage in discovering that to human tempers and failings the beloved one is subject, is the blind way people will believe each other angels before-hand.

But lest I grow tedious I will pass quickly to show you him who embodied my ideal and became the dearest reality of my life. I was visiting at a friend's house at Warrington, when I was introduced to Mr. Edward Cameron, a surgeon, and about five years my senior. I

shall never forget that evening—not that I, to use an expression which I thoroughly detest, fell in love at first sight, I was not sufficiently impulsive or even inclined to give, it might be, throw it away on a mere acquaintance.

I had not been well for several days—he was summoned to attend me, and, being on very intimate terms with Mrs. Chambers, having discharged the professional object of his visit he remained to pass the evening. It was that of the Sabbath. In some families the presence of a stranger would have afforded a pretext for dispensing with the customary devotion of the evening; not so here. Never ashamed of Him or of His worship, the heads of that Christian family made it a rule, that none who would object to join in it should be permitted to be one of their circle. Truly to them was the Sabbath of the Lord a delight; holy and honourable did they keep it—even according to the command of Him whose own day it is. It was Mr Chambers' custom, after reading a few chapters in the Bible, to give from the best commentators such explanations to the servants and children as they seemed to require; but on this occasion he invited Mr. Cameron, whose acquaintance with the original Hebrew and Greek scripture enabled him readily to do so, to explain them for him. I think I can see now the almost inspired look with which he bent over the sacred book, and the very beauty of holiness that shone in and lit up his thoughtful face, as one by one he noticed its blessed truths, and dwelt on the never failing mercy of God.

Then, too, I noted the deep earnest attention when we knelt to pray, and the moving power of holy music on his spirit; nor was I less impressed by the quiet humility with which he addressed the servants—how exalted was its air, not the proudest of earth's monarchs—the most

mighty of conquerors, with every pomp of worldly circumstance, could have appeared so elevated as he by this heaven born grace.

Oh! pride, thou towering passion, hated of the all pure God, how miserable is thy assumed shadow of great things, beside the vast uplifting of soul felt humility!

The conduct of men to children is a great index of their disposition; most of them to please a doting mother will fondle and admire them, yet be singularly delighted when the darlings are sent away; but a really good man is anxious to become the *friend* of little ones, and to do this he must be affectionate, patient, and gentle, and when I observed the peculiar and loving sweetness with which Mr. Cameron took little Jessie Chambers on his knee and taught her some hymn verses; and that the child's fondness for, and trust in him was quite unbounded, I knew that he had all these qualities.

"Well," said Mrs. Chambers, as she accompanied me to my room that night, "how do you like our Doctor?"

I replied, that I had formed a very favourable opinion of him.

"I am glad" she said, "he is in every respect worthy the highest regard; but it is not every one who has discernment enough to perceive that his cold manner veils an unusual depth of feeling and kindness of heart."

"I wonder" I said "he is not married!"

"Why," she replied "I am afraid he is like you, *very* particular; but another and powerful preventive may have been his dependence on his mother."

"I was" I said "half inclined to think he had been disappointed, he had so melancholy a look at times."

"It comes I think" she answered "from his thoughtful and studious habits—I never heard of any grief or disap-

pointment, still there may have been such; but I am keeping you standing, when you ought to be in bed, for you really look very ill."

I was ill, seriously so the next day—and then followed many weeks of severe suffering. During all this time, and in the longer of my slow recovery Mr. Cameron attended me with most assiduous care. At length I was pronounced well enough to be removed, but not without some slight reluctance on the part of Mr. Cameron, who expressed a wish to have seen me perfectly convalescent before my departure.

On the day when he paid his farewell visit, my father took him aside into the ante-room, and I could understand from the gestures of both that their conversation was respecting payment for Mr. Cameron's attendance on me—I could see his face, it was flushed deep scarlet, and he looked quite pained. At length I heard him say—"I am indeed most amply repaid, in the pleasure of knowing I have been of service to Miss Harrington."

"Well Emily," said my father as they returned to the drawing-room, "you have many thanks to give Mr. Cameron."

I felt he was looking on me, and could only answer "I have, indeed."

He sat down beside me as he had often done in that long illness, and oh! I felt at that moment I could have endured it all again for the sake of his presence by my side. "You have been so patient," he said, "and so grateful, even when you suffered most, that I know well what thanks you feel, and if you will but express them by writing to me often, and telling me exactly of your state of health, I shall in turn be your debtor." There was something so touchingly sad in the tone of his voice as he

said these words that I raised involuntarily my eyes to his face; he was looking down, and the old unhappy shade I had noticed the first night we met, seemed to have gathered into a deep and settled cloud. In a moment he turned his gaze on me, and though there came then his sweet, quiet smile, it did not pass away.

"Miss Harrington—*Emily*" he said in a very low tone, "I trust, ere long we may meet again; but meanwhile let me hear of your state, *I shall need to know*—you will write then."

"Yes," I answered, "I will write," and could trust my self to say no more.

We parted silently, as those who feel too much for words.

"Well then" I heard my father say, after conversing a few moments with him at the door, "that is settled—the middle of next month we expect you at Marston."

Mr. Cameron turned to give me a final farewell waive of the hand, and I saw that the unhappy look was gone.

Mamas and papas are sometimes very heedless of consequences, and very blind to symptoms; mine were both, or they never would have asked Mr. Cameron to Marston. A month passed, he came, and as my accepted suitor I next bid him farewell. This has been told in few words, but it was a matter brought under grave and serious discussion, as in a pecuniary point of view there were objections to the marriage which my parents at first regarded as insurmountable, Mr. Cameron's income, apart from that of his mother, with whom he had always resided, being quite insufficient to maintain his necessary position. "And will you, my dear Emily," said my mother, "risk the known wretchedness of living with an aged woman, who will not only be jealous of your rule in

a house she has called her own, but even of the love and preference her son will manifest for you, and of your conduct towards herself in every particular.

Then I argued, this would be but for a time; Edward's income must increase, and that indeed I hoped to find in his mother, one who would love me second only to my own; but I could see, as I did so, the dear woman feared my heart was going from my own kindred, and my father's house—that she, in fact, was jealous. She had half-hoped I know, that I should never leave her; and as I had refused one offer after another, had doubted if I should ever care to do so, and saw now, with great surprise, this new writing on the book of the heart she believed she had read so perfectly.

"He is so different to what I thought you would like Emily," she one day observed; "I always fancied you preferred the warm-hearted to the cold."

"The cold, mother!"

"Well, the seeming cold."

But he did not even *seem* cold to me, but rather calm, quiet, self-possessed, and a man of this manner would alone have had the power of attracting and fixing my affection—yet I am sensible, that deeply religious, amiable, highly educated, and talented as he was, he was not a person who would have been admired by women *generally*. He had no power for vain or frivolous light talk; he never paid a compliment, or said a thing to please another of which his conscience did not approve. It is just possible that he passed with young ladies as a very stupid person, and that they wondered what I could see to admire in him. His qualities were only "such as would wear well," there was no gloss on the surface—they did not shine—and alas! beyond the mere dazzle of outward seeming

women seldom care to look. It may appear a harsh judgment; yet it has been confirmed by the observation and experience of a life, and I have seen too often with sorrow and concern, that if a man be well to do in the world, look well, and speak fair—on his own showing, upon trust they will take him, hoping it is for the better, till the marriage tie chases away all blinding mists, and they know before them lies the irrevocable worst for ever. I have seen women professing godliness—foremost in every good work and word, suddenly halt in their heavenward course at the first word of human love, that has been whispered to them by men, sometimes openly profane, or who at least have no part or lot with them in the matter on which they were once so earnestly set. And then from halting they have turned back, and gone in the downward way of the world with him whom they presumptuously believed it was given to them to convert—forgetting to ask if their own heart had not already gone after idols, when it loved one who had not the Lord for his God.

As I write on these things I am constrained to remember how great was that mercy and goodness, by which I was enabled to form and keep a resolution so vitally affecting my welfare in time and in eternity—that none but a God-fearing man should ever call me wife.

At length the consent of my parents was won, and I was married to Edward Cameron; and went home, dear reader, as all young brides do, full of hope and love—happy, most happy, not only in that honeymoon felicity, but in a true conviction and assurance from my own heart and the fond whisper of his voice—that bright as was that hour, it should be succeded by others brighter—that dear as was the bride, the wife should be dearer far.

I went home—and on the very threshold stood the only

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a handsome face and fashionable air—yet, withal, a most unprepossessing look of idle indifference; and it struck me as being somewhat remarkable, that although he went out early in the day, he never returned until the middle of the night; we knew this by the violent noise and clamour he too frequently made when he knocked for admittance.

The lady never left the house until evening, then it was always closely veiled, and wearing one of the large long cloaks fashionable at the period. Frequently I thought she concealed something beneath it.

One day shortly after the birth of my boy I was sitting near the window, when I saw a face look out of that of the next house, that was none other than that of my old friend and schoolfellow, Maria Vincent; but how sadly changed from the young beauty I had known her once. At school Maria and I had been chief and inseparable friends; and many were the pledges of never ending affection we exchanged on leaving, to learn another lesson in the world's great book—that the friendship of girlhood is a thing at which the woman will smile, silently wonder at its folly, or at best number among the things that were. And it happened, that as our homes were far apart and we never hoped to meet again, after a few feeble attempts at correspondence an entire silence came between us, and from the date of her last letter, until I saw her pale face looking out of the window, I had heard nothing respecting her. I did not think for an instant after I had seen it, but gathering my shawl around me passed hastily to her house.

"Was the lady whom I saw looking out of the window formerly Miss Vincent?" I asked.

"Oh! yes," replied the servant quickly, "Mrs. Milward now—did you know her before she was married?"

"We were schoolfellows" I said, and the woman whose

pleasure seemed to equal her surprise ushered me into the room where my poor friend was.

She stood for a moment as if utterly unable to comprehend the mystery of my appearance, and then faintly said "Emily—Emily Harrington." "No," I said gently, "Emily Cameron; I, like Maria Milward, am a wife. And when I told her that I was living next door she seemed to be bewildered in astonishment, and clasped her thin white hands together, and did not try to speak.

After a time I learned from her that she had been married three years, and that her little boy had died. I noticed she avoided mention of her husband, and asked her if she were happy. I have often grieved since at that careless question, and wished I had spared her its pain; but she made no answer, only looked at me with the most heart-broken expression, then tried to smile which was sadder far. Before I left her I obtained a promise that she would often come to my house, but she did not ask me to hers. The next day Mr. Cameron made some inquiries in the town respecting Mr. Milward, and learned that his character for profligacy and dissipation had no equal there, and that his associates, though among the higher grades of society, were those notorious for their vices.

It was not difficult with this knowledge to conjecture why Maria seemed unhappy. Ere I had again an opportunity of seeing her I was summoned to the death bed of my mother—there to learn my first awful lesson of grief. I remained with my poor father two months after our bereavement, for his health and spirits both received so severe a shock that it was feared he must soon share the grave of his lost and much loved wife.

On the night of my return home, the servant who had accompanied Mrs Milward to Warrington came to entreat

I would go and see her mistress who was very ill, and had a week before given birth to a daughter.

I instantly obeyed the summons and followed the woman to Maria's chamber. The curtains were drawn round the bed, and ere I approached it I paused to look at the infant.

"It's dead," said the woman on whose knee she rested, "I'm binding up its face."

I saw she had made a fearful mistake, and in my terror tore away the bandage she had began to fix in such a manner, that in another minute the faint ray of life that remained to the helpless little being would have been expelled for ever. Almost too much shocked to retain my presence of mind, I hurriedly desired the servant to run for Mr. Cameron; Maria being meanwhile ignorant of the awful peril from which it had pleased God I should rescue the infant.

Noislessly and without a moment's delay my husband gave his attention to the baby; "literally dying from starvation," he whispered, "but I am not without hope of her recovery." Having succeded in making her swallow some proper nourishment, he carried and gently placed her by the side of the exhausted mother.

"Will she live? " she inquired anxiously.

"I hope so," he answered, "I shall remain to watch her during the night."

Oh! poor face that turned itself upon him with its wan but most grateful look, where was he who had sworn to love and cherish you, that you so thankfully clung to the new found sympathy of a stranger! Having carefully attended to Mrs. Milward's state he gave her for a short time in the care of the faithful attendant who had accompanied her to Warrington, and desiring the nurse to follow him, left the room. In explanation of her conduct

she declared that she firmly believed the child to have been dying for many hours, and at length fancied it had ceased to breathe. He then, with more severity than I ever remember to have heard him exercise, insisted she should promise never again to become a hired attendant on the sick; and having warned her of the yet unpassed danger, consequent on her unfeeling ignorance, desired her instantly to leave the house.

As soon as he had returned to Mrs. Milward's room, I called Jane (the servant) away to question her respecting the unhappy circumstances of her mistress.

"You see ma'am," she said, "Miss Maria was never happy at home for it was one of discord and disunion; and her gentle and loving heart was perpetually wrung by the quarrels of her parents and her loveless state, for she was never a favourite with either—why, I never could tell. And so when this Mr. Milward came vowing affection, perhaps because she really liked him, or it might have been to escape from home, she at once, when he proposed, consented to marry him."

"I always loved Miss Maria, and when she seemed to wish it was only too glad to go away with her, and so after a deal of fuss it was agreed upon; but Mr. Milward has never repented it but once, and that's been ever since. When I saw the bad husband he was likely to make the patient angel he had married, I determined never to leave her whilst I had life to cling to her. I've followed them from place to place; often when he would not take me with them I have tramped for miles and miles till I came up with them again, and if he put me out at one door I've come in at another, when I dared, for he is a furious man in his passion, and might have killed me if I had braved him in it."

"Oh! ma'am, I little thought when I first saw Miss Vincent, of the strength my love for her would give my poor resolve; and I take no merit to myself for all I have done, and for my unpaid service, for away from my wronged and miserable darling I never could have lived. I might begin to night and never end my story till the day came round again, were I to tell you half she's suffered from her vile husband's neglect, and waste, and cruelty. Oh! believe it if you can, but since the night the child was born he's not been near the house, and yet he knows we've not a penny in it. Mrs. Milward has pawned and sold all she ever had to call her own, save that worst possession her marriage ring, and that I know sweet dear she cannot wear much longer—God forbid I should pray that she may."

"The medical man who attended her in her illness thought I suppose his first loss would be the least, and since that night has never been near, and the child might have died but for you. The tradespeople wont trust us for a farthing's worth of anything, and unless Mr. Milward returns to night I shall literally be unable to provide a breakfast; but," she added as her tears began to flow "I question if he comes if he brings aught with him but drunkenness and curses."

It gave some comfort to the poor woman, who I believe even at this pass had no thought for herself, to hear me promise I would take care the wants of her mistress were supplied.

"I must warn you," she said, "never to come near the house when Mr. Milward is here, for if he knew that even to save us from starvation we had claimed aid or made our case known to strangers, he would visit us both with such a storm of passion as is fearful to think on."

A whole life-time of motherly love seemed to pass in those few last words; as she looked down on her, slumbering tranquilly, I thought of the angel watch she soon might keep over her.

"Emily," she said after a pause, "I wish to take the Holy Communion to-morrow, will you and Mr. Cameron join with me in my last token of rememberance of Him whom I am ere long to see face to face?"

I promised; and on the morrow we knelt in solemn earnestness to pray for her "now lying under the hand of God, in great weakness of body."

When this beautiful and impressive service for the sick was over, and the clergyman gone, my husband and I drew near to the bed, (for she had not left it that day,) and she said, raising her languid eyes full on his face, "you think I am dying Mr. Cameron?" He did not answer for a moment, but she kept her gaze fixed intently on him, and when he was about to speak she said—

"There is no need, I am quite—quite ready;" and then "dear Emily give me your hand"

I obeyed in weeping silence; she took it and with an action at once solemn and affecting laid it on the sleeping babe by her side, and then said "be a mother to her she will grow up God blessed to you;" and again turning that undying look of gratitude on my husband, she continued, "Mr. Cameron, will you accept the charge of my helpless infant, in the name of Him whose you are and serve, I ask this great thing."

Edward looked hastily towards me, he knew many of the responsibilities and difficulties of the trust must rest on me, and thus silently asked my assent to the sacred promise he was ready to make.

"She shall be my adopted daughter," I said.

"And mine," he said.

"God be thanked," murmured the dying mother, "*I am satisfied*—to Him I commit the blessing and reward. There was a long silence, we dared not disturb her spirit's communing by words. At length however she again opened her eyes and looked for her faithful servant, who stood overwhelmed with grief at the bed side; she instantly approached her mistress who bade her take from her finger that bond of wretchedness, her wedding ring. "Give it him," she said, "tell him I will that he permit my child to be adopted by Mrs. Cameron, and that I never loved him better, not even when he put that on my hand with the marriage vow, than I do praying for his well-being in this hour of death." That was all the broken hearted wife's last message.

"And you Jane, my tried, my dear friend, take my little bible, God will bless you for your goodness to me—I leave *all* to him." She looked on us then with a sweet sad smile full of love, calmly closed her eyes, and never spoke again; but, watching her all that long night, we knew that she often prayed. And when the first ray of morning came, it looked in upon the dead.

They buried her in Warrington churchyard, and there stands the monumental lie:—"Maria Adelaide, the *beloved* wife of Francis Milward, Esq."

He raised the white marble for the world to note—knowing it would never read there the story of his neglected and miserable young wife; for bad, hardened hypocrite as he was, in its sight, he ever strove to appear well. He was one of those men who would covertly commit the basest actions, yet challenge another for an imputation on his honour; fearing never to do the worst deeds, he affected to be horribly shocked at their very names. O

all classes of men these are the most to be dreaded: he who walks abroad with his follies and his vices exposed to view, and willing to be known as he is by showing himself in his true colours, is far less dangerous than these whited sepulchres of humanity—very charnel houses of all iniquity, and the foul mocking sin, hypocrisy.

Immediately after Mrs. Milward's decease the little Alice was conveyed to our house, and Edward acquainted Mr. Milward with his wife's dying wishes respecting her. With consummate coolness he said they must, and should be respected, for he doubted not Mrs. Cameron's fitness for the charge imposed upon her. "But," he added, "I wish that it shall be expressly understood, that by removing the infant from my care, you at once free me from all paternal responsibilities.

Six months after this we heard he had married a rich widow.

Chapter III.

"Well Mrs. Edward," said my husband's mother, when our intention of adopting Alice Milward was made known, "I most decidedly think you have done very wrongly."

"Why madam?" I asked.

"Because in the first place, strictly speaking, the means for the support of strangers are not at your disposal."

"It may be," I answered, "that I shall entertain an angel unawares."

"In the next," she added without noticing my interruption, "you have your own son to bring up and educate, and charity, if I mistake not, begins at home."

"Assuredly," I said, "there it has its source—from

thence flows forth its holy stream, to water with its healing whosoever are in sorrow, need, suffering, or any other adversity."

"Well, Mrs. Edward," so she always called me, "this is a new reading—charity, as I understand, begins by providing for those of its own household."

"But," I said, "we must not look to our things, but to those of others; and without selfishness, as far as lies in our power, do good unto all men."

Our argument here ran on to some length, and I was more than once seriously in danger of losing my temper; indeed, having made a somewhat hasty rejoinder, it called forth the following remarks from Mrs. Cameron.

"You certainly have forgotten, Mrs. Edward, your position here, that I am in fact the mistress, that you are merely *called* so by courtesy, and that to have consulted my wishes in introducing another member into the family, who must materially interfere with my comfort, would have better expressed your sense of dependence, and of the kindness shewn to you."

This mode of speech was not new to me, and having no redress my best refuge was in silence, for I knew—

> "That ruder words would soon rush in,
> To spread the breach that words begin:"

and therefore without reply I quickly left the room.

The details of this period, could I give them consistently with my before expressed determination to "let the dead past bury its dead," would form a curious record of domestic life under such circumstances, and perhaps warn others of its trials and difficulties. To bear them with any degree of patience, there must be the strong armour of a wife's profoundest love, and the sure knowledge of a husband's; and without these none should

venture on such dangerous ground. But one *mistress* may govern well in a house, and let no young wife hope she may disprove this oft verified truth, but if she have to go home to a divided rule, let it be prepared to bear and forbear.

It was the earnest desire both of myself and Edward, to have taken into our service Mrs. Milward's faithful servant Jane, but our very limited means put it, at least for that time, out of our power. We however obtained for her an excellent situation, with the understanding that she should come to us whenever we were prepared to receive her. Jane was singularly unlike the generality of servants, who have no idea that their own interest can be identical with that of their employers, and who seem to have but one great aim to serve or "better" themselves in any fashion; whose selfishness, heartlessness, and ingratitude, is I believe unequalled by any class. But they are not wholly to blame for this, they have too often experienced the truth "that service is no heritage," and felt bitterly that their masters are tyrants, caring only to exact the greatest amount of service for the least possible return of kindness or of payment, and are therefore brought to resolve, to render only such as they receive, "an unwilling service, for a grudging hire." The evil lies in the root of the matter: masters do not show their servants by precept, in their conduct, that they are only over them in the Lord, and that they must do their duty to them, "not as men-pleasers but unto Him." Did both remember these things, the grudge of the hired office on the one hand, and the bitterness of servitude on the other, would be no more felt; a service of love and thankfulness would be established and each would be content. Jane Lewis often told me, that if she had any right principle—

if her conduct were shaped differently to that of the grea body of her class, she owed it, under God, to the firs mistress whom she served; for she taught me, she woul say, "to do all things as in His sight, and that before Hin alone must I stand or fall." Let this be a lesson to us and if we are not careful to instruct our servants in thos truths, which guiding them to fear God, must teach then to do their duty to their earthly master, let us cease t murmur at their selfishness and ingratitude; remember ing with shame, how we stand convicted before Him o those sins in their deepest dye—inasmuch as we keep fron those less blessed than ourselves, those glorious thing which He gives us richly to enjoy. If freely as w received we decline freely to give—if we withhold the cu of cold water from those around us who are spiritually athirst—are careless to warn the lukewarm—to rouse th cold, let us think of the faithlessness of our service to ou gracious master, and bear with those who serve us ill.

It was with no ordinary feelings of respect I bid farewel to Jane; for her worth, self-denying affection, and kind ness for my poor dead friend had made me regard he as a person of a very superior order. I have heard o great deeds, but I know not that any have made the im pression on me, as those this woman did so noislessly, with out the hope of fame or of reward. Of such patient suffer ing and unwearied toil as she knew for years, ourselve untried, we think but little; but yet it is nothing less tha hero strength; that gives this long endurance in the path where duty and affection lead.

I should have been so glad to have had Jane to attend my adopted child, but this was impossible, I could only afford my little maid for her and my own dear boy. Alice as was naturally to be expected, was very sickly, often ill

and always fretful; and the first two years of her life severely tried me in many ways, and unused as I had hitherto been to any kind of restraint, I found the confinement to the nursery at times very irksome. But I have ever had reason to be thankful for the continued opportunity thus afforded me of watching over them from their cradle, and of having been able to preserve them from the baneful effects of the passion and weak indulgence of servants.

On the death of my beloved father, which happened within two years after that of my mother, an important change, by an accession of fortune, was wrought in our position, and we were enabled to maintain a separate establishment. Then, freed from the many disagreables of a residence beneath Mrs. Cameron's roof and her petty tyranny, my married life was perfectly happy. Strange record of an earthly lot!

Sixteen years of uninterrupted bliss flew rapidly by, my lovely, gentle, darling Alice, had attained her nineteenth year; my son, who early gave great intellectual promise, had entered at Cambridge and was earnestly pursuing his studies for the church, when it pleased God to afflict me with a sorrow, before which every other I had known became as nothing, to remove the hope of my life—the light of my eyes—my husband!

I cannot bear to linger here. I have paused in these pages to tell of the dying words of one I loved well: but oh! I cannot, for the tears that blind my vision, look back or write of that solemn time—when he, in whom the chords of all my being seemed entwined, passed away to the haven of his rest for ever.

There was no long preparation for this great bereavement; for rapid, painless and sure, was the progress of

his decline. With his last words of comfort to me, in the blessed hope of our reunion in heaven never more to know grief or death, without a moan and perfectly resigned, his loving gaze fixed on me to the last, he fell asleep in Jesus.

I would that I could here describe the awful hush that fell over my heart, as I saw that beloved form stretched before me—dead! dead!

It was as if the pulses of my life had ceased with his, for though I stood there living, every faculty was dormant, every feeling suspended, and all within me as still as the dead beside whom I stood transfixed. But whilst there was no re-animation in that clay-cold form, I awoke to know it with a pain and sense of desolation I can never feel again, for I have overlived the greatest sorrow of a woman, that suffering of the widow's spirit which has no equal, though there is comfort for it which is denied to other forms of woe. And this I had when I came to remember he had but gone forward in the way of my journey, and that we certainly should "*together* be with the Lord."

And now it was that the tender care of Alice Milward became of so much value to me; surely He, in whose hands her dying mother left the blessing and reward, in that loving daughter richly gave me both. It was beautiful, in the complicated and difficult pecuniary affairs that claimed my attention after my husband's decease, to see her anxiety to assist me in every way; and when it was found that my circumstances were so narrow that it was barely possible I could continue to provide for my son's college expenses, or retain the residence in which I had spent my happiest years, she besought me to permit her in some way to gain her own livelihood. But this was

farthest from my thoughts, even could I have dispensed with her dear presence.

I have said she was lovely—she was exquisitely so: to the uncommon beauty of her mother was added a softness, and irresistible charm of manner, that lent it a thousand graces. I do not say she was unconscious of her matchless beauty, (that *powerful gift,*) but rather that she estimated its real value in no vain display of it, no braiding of the hair or putting on of apparel, but in the earnest cultivation of the priceless ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.

I used sometimes to think that her earnest wish to spare me every possible expense, made her affect a carelessness about her attire; but subsequent experience has assured me it was caused by a deep conviction that the robe of Christ's own righteousness is alone worthy of thought or care. The extreme simplicity of her ideas in the matter of dress, would have formed a subject for great mirth among that class of women who concentrate their best energies on the fashion of their garments, and for whom days and hours are alone made for planning, arranging, and displaying their costume; but I never suffered her to come in contact with any such, I loved too well this rare indifference to these vain and passing things. From the contaminating influence of a ladies' boarding school I had determinately preserved her, for I had an intense dread lest her mother's sacred charge should be abused, that the precious soul, over whose early training I had been appointed earthly guardian, should gather there those seeds of vanity and frivolity, which in the after lives of girls committed to "the finishing school," too often bear such bitter and abundant fruit. I dared not send her at the age when the mind is most capable of receiving and retaining impressions, whether false or true, to take from a

number of girls the many shaded likeness of evil, or to learn the arts that are presumed to fit the woman for life's warfare—a studied grace of manner—foreign language—brilliant music and Italian songs—accomplishment upon accomplishment—and, though last, surely not least, to be ashamed of her home and of her kindred, if less elevated than those of her companions, and if otherwise to lord it over them. Yes, it is thus she is prepared for the heart-struggles of her future life; these are the weapons given to her for the storm and for the battle!

But Alice had been taught, not only of the

"————sublime thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

but that only by the sword of the spirit and the helmet of salvation could she hope to keep on her way, or attain the glory, beside which all of earth is as though it were not even that of eternal life: and indeed she had laid hold on righteousness, and with it, as a garment, she was covered.

He who gave me grace to educate the child's *heart*, had so blessed the work that on that human foundation was raised the all-glorious superstructure of holiness and righteousness of life.

During the first year of my widowhood I received a letter from an uncle of Alice, a Mr. Frederick Milward, thanking me earnestly for my care of his neice, and asking to be permitted to pay her a visit. I of course replied, it would give me much pleasure to receive him, and within a few days after his letter he arrived at Warrington and remained with us more than a week. He was so good as to make Alice a very handsome present, and he privately intimated to me, that in the event of her forming a suitable marriage he should give her a considerable portion, and at his death bequeath her his entire fortune. It was

a great happiness thus to know my Alice had other friends than her adopted mother, the more so, as in case of my death, she would have either to look to them for the means of support, or rely on her own exertions.

But the latter I never feared would come to pass, for one hope for Alice I had cherished for many years; and as we sat on the eve of the Christmas that followed our great loss, Alice, and I, and Henry, my own "my one son," in whose form, voice, and manner *he* seemed to live anew, it awoke again with fresh force and vigour, for lately, in my sorrow, it had slept. It was in the twilight of that winter's evening, that, side by side with those my jewels, I was seated by the fire whose glow filled the room: and we spoke of him, now gone from among us, who had ever been the first to raise the carol of the Lord's coming, and with his bright smile to make us glad. And methought, that as Alice tight clasped her little hands and watched earnestly the wreathing flame, that something more than so.row for his memory troubled her young heart, and that the shade upon Henry's face was deeper than even his rccent sorrow might have flung: and once I saw him look at Alice, and that she raised her eyes to his face with a calm sad look, then I felt as if the last wish of my life were fulfilled, that dearer than brother and sister were my children to each other.

But day after day passed by and I saw no change in the manner of either, save that Alice was more shy than formerly, and that sometimes when he spoke to her the deep blush mantled to her cheek; and at length the time for Henry's return to Cambridge came, and I only noted that the look of melancholy on his face had deepened, and that the bright light of Alice's eye had fled. Whatever at that time were my thoughts I never spoke them.

One day in the early summer I went to seek Alice in

her own room, and found her weeping bitterly; on the table lay an open letter, and a bracelet richly wrought with gems.

"Mother," she cried snatching the letter from the table, "it has come to this—read!"

I did so; it was from a gentleman with whom we had long been on terms of friendship, and who now humbly offered to Alice his hand and earnest love. He was a good noble-hearted man possessing great wealth, and although many years older than Alice would not have been deemed an unsuitable husband for her.

When I had read the letter I laid it down and looked at Alice, her eyes were fixed intently on me as though to read my thoughts—but neither spoke; and then putting the rich ornement in my hand she turned away her head weeping afresh.

"It is very beautiful my dear," I said, for indeed I scarce knew what to say.

"Oh! mother," she said, "shall I keep it—must I marry Mr. St. Clair?"

"Not unless you love him dearest."

"She slightly started and said, "how can you think it likely mother?"

"And why not, will you only give a woman's reason? because I do not—"

"Yes—because—oh! I do not know; only believe beloved mother that I do not—never can."

"Then, I said, you will return this gift, and gratefully decline his proffered kindness."

"Oh!" she said, "but I have thought that perhaps I ought now to free you from a burthen you have so long and nobly sustained."

"Alice," I said, "you have wronged me and the memory *of him who loved you* as his own daughter; not a burthen

but a blessing and reward, your dying mother's charge has proved. Oh! Alice, never think to do so great a sin, as for any worldly consideration to profane the holy rite of marriage."

Those dear mild eyes rested on me with a look of fondest and most grateful love, and flinging her arms aroun me, she cried, "never, never let me leave you, best beloved of all women upon earth?"

I clasped her nearer to my heart, and murmured that she never should.

Whose face looked in upon us so, whose voice cried mother, Alice? Henry's.

In the first joy of our meeting we well-nigh forgot the subject that a few moments before so entirely engrossed our attention; but the traces of emotion were too visible to escape Henry's quick eye, and he soon enquired what had troubled us.

Alice took took up the letter and put it in his hand. I watched his face as he read, and saw the moment he became aware of the contents his hand tighten rigidly on the paper, and an expression of great pain pass over his face; then for an instant he raised his eyes and fixed them on Alice, who had turned away to the window. When he had quite finished reading he went hurriedly to her side, and said in a low husky tone of voice, "have you decided Alice?"

She averted her head and answered firmly "yes."

He turned from her and passed with a quick uncertain step from the room. As I saw his awful look of insupportable anguish, I read at a glance the interpretation he had put on Alice's answer, and followed him to point out his mistake. When I reached him he was standing at the foot of the staircase, with the look and manner of one on whom had fallen some terrible misfortune, and as uncer-

tain whither to flee from its presence and its pain.

"Henry," I said, "you have misunderstood, Alice will decline to marry Mr. St. Clair."

He scarcely seemed to comprehend, the revulsion of feeling for the moment deprived him of utterance, and pale as the marble figure against which he leaned for support he continued to gasp for breath.

I took his arm and led him gently away, and when we were seated in the drawing-room he said—

"Oh! mother, it was an awful moment, my vaguely felt fear so suddenly became a horrible certainty."

"You have doomed yourself to this Henry—be thankful you have not *lost* Alice."

"Oh! my mother," he said, "believe that had it been for her happiness I would have borne even this. What have I to offer her who is so rich in every grace and womanly perfection?"

"Your love Henry, and if I mistake not she already prizes it more than her own life."

There was a long pause, and then he said, "I shall be poor mother, and Alice deserve to have wealth and everything it can command—I must not, will not sacrifice her to my own selfishness."

"Let Alice," I said, "herself decide if she will not prefer the treasure of your love above all those of the east."

"It shall be so," he said, and kneeling down before me asked my blessing.

* * * * * *

There they stand—my son, his wife, my more than daughter—the joy of my declining years. Yes, there they stand, those children of my love, in goodness and in beauty, shining like stars, and making me cry gladly to Him who has blessed my home with such lights in the season of my age and of my infirmity.

Oh! Maria, beloved friend, thanks be to God who directed your habitation near to mine; thanks be to Him who put it into my heart to take home your orphan child; and glory be to His holy name who has made so richly a blessing and reward—my dear adopted daughter.

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